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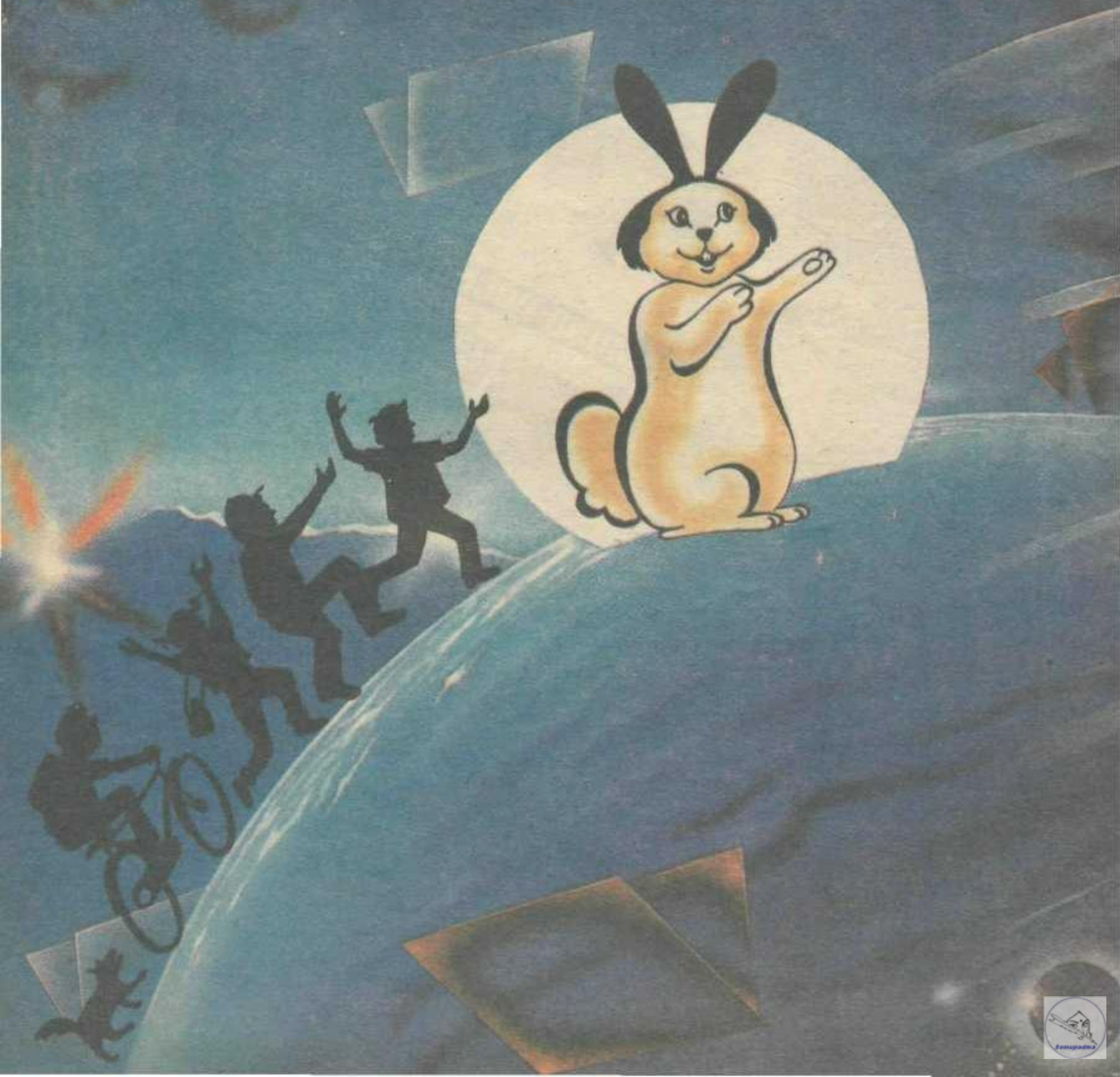
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THE QUEST BEGINS - in the Story of Buddha.

The Saga of Nehru becomes more eventful.

Gopal Bhand, the inimitable jester, takes

us to laugh-land again!

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प्राज्ञो हि जल्पतां पुंसां श्रुत्वा वाचः शुभाशुभाः ।

गुणवद्-वाक्यमादत्ते हंसः क्षीरमिवाम्भसः ॥

Prajno hi jalpatam pumsam shrutva vachah shubhashubhah

Gunavad vakyamadatte hamsah ksheeramivambhasah

Just as a swan is capable of separating milk mixed with water and taking milk alone, so also the wise can distinguish between what is good and what is not good in a speech and accept only the good.

Printed by B.V. REDDI at Prasad Process Private Ltd., 188 N.S.K. Salai, Madras 600 026 (India) and published by B. VISWANATHA REDDI on behalf of CHANDAMAMA PUBLICATIONS, Chandamama Buildings, Vadapalani, Madras 600 026 (India).

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Controlling Editor :
NAGI REDDI
Founder :
CHAKRAPANI

WELCOME 1989

Time has no form, no colour, no smell. Men make it beautiful or grotesque, sparkling or dull, fragrant or repulsive.

Every new year is a fresh chance given to mankind to choose between the two possibilities. What has it chosen so long? Let us ask ourselves. But if the answer that wells up from our honest thoughts is not very encouraging, let us not lose heart. Here is yet another chance! Let us begin —each one of us in our humble way—to do what we can in order to reverse the trend.

Thoughts to be Treasured

There is perhaps nothing so bad and so dangerous in life as fear.

— Jawaharlal Nehru

PARRY



Hello Friends,

We are back again! My little helpers Try-Me, Coconut Cream and Lollipop have brought you even more fun this month. A detective trick, puppet making and some really amazing fun-facts! Bet you can't wait to read on... so go ahead!



THE KING OF SWEETS

COME ON,
LET'S MAKE
A PUPPET

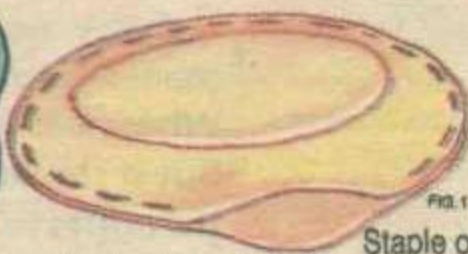


Fig. 1

Staple or tape the two plates together, leaving open (as shown in fig.1) just enough space for your hand to go in comfortably.

Make sure the gap is at the bottom — now paint a face on one side (as shown in fig.2).

Use some Fevicol to stick on the knitting wool or cotton wool as hair. And your puppet is ready! All you do now is put your hand in through the open space and move the puppet around while you talk in the puppet's voice. What you can also do is organise a puppet play with your friends. Make as many

puppets as you like — give them different faces and make a story around them and let them be the actors of your play. You and your friends do the acting (with your hands) and the talking for them!

Did you know?

Did you know that flies and butterflies can taste with their feet?

YOU NEED :

- 2 PAPER PLATES
- STAPLER OR CELLOTAPE
- A BIT OF OLD KNITTING WOOL OR SOME COTTON WOOL
- GLUE (PREFERABLY FEVICOL)
- PAINTS OR FELT PENS OR CRAYONS



Fig. 2



PARRYS — SWEETS AND



S P A G E



“I’m going to share a secret with you...”
SECRET WRITING!



YOU NEED:

- A FOUNTAIN PEN WITH A VERY CLEAN NIB
- HALF A FRESH LEMON
- A CUP
- WHITE WRITING PAPER

Squeeze the lemon juice into a cup. Dip your pen nib into the lemon juice and use it like ink to write on white paper. Your writing will remain invisible until the paper is held over something warm like a table lamp. The heat makes



the words appear! You can make this a very interesting party game. Keep the secret between a friend and yourself. Send him into another room (make sure there’s a table lamp there). And you keep your lemon, pen and paper ready (hidden from everyone else, mind you!). Now tell your friends to say a word and tell them that your partner sitting in the other room will look at a blank paper and tell them what the word is.

All you do is secretly write the word with lemon ink (and even offer to let the others examine the blank paper after you write on it!) and pass it on to your partner. He just has to put the paper over a lamp and he knows the word!

Write to:
**PARRYS THE KING
 OF SWEETS**
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Want to be real friends?

My little helpers and I want to know more about you. So why don’t you send us a post-card with your name, address, age and birthday? Also, tell us what you like BEST about the PARRYS PAGE.

And, tell us if you would like us to add something more to your PARRYS PAGE.



THE KING OF SWEETS

HTA 7006

WHO'S STRONGER A MAN OR AN ANT?

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NEWS FLASH



PREHISTORIC FISH

Japanese scientists working in the Indian Ocean have hooked a rare fish. If it could talk, it would tell us what it heard from its forefathers about the origin of man! It belongs to the Coelcanth family. It weighs 85 kg. Generally it was believed that such fish had disappeared long long ago.

FLYING SAUCER?

Brazilian pilots in three different airplanes reported seeing a strange circular object flying across the sky on the 3rd of October 1988.



NAPOLEON'S LETTER

A letter written by Napoleon Bonaparte is to be auctioned. The letter describes how he planned to conquer England. He intended to send a fleet of ships in such a way that it will appear they headed for Egypt. They were to change their direction suddenly and attack England. It was written on 7 December 1803 to an admiral.

THE OLDEST MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

In Bolangir district of Orissa has been found the oldest musical instrument. It is a stone lithophone.



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THE RIGHT ACTOR

Sri Krishna Opera Party was camping in our town. The party advertised that it was in need of an actor.

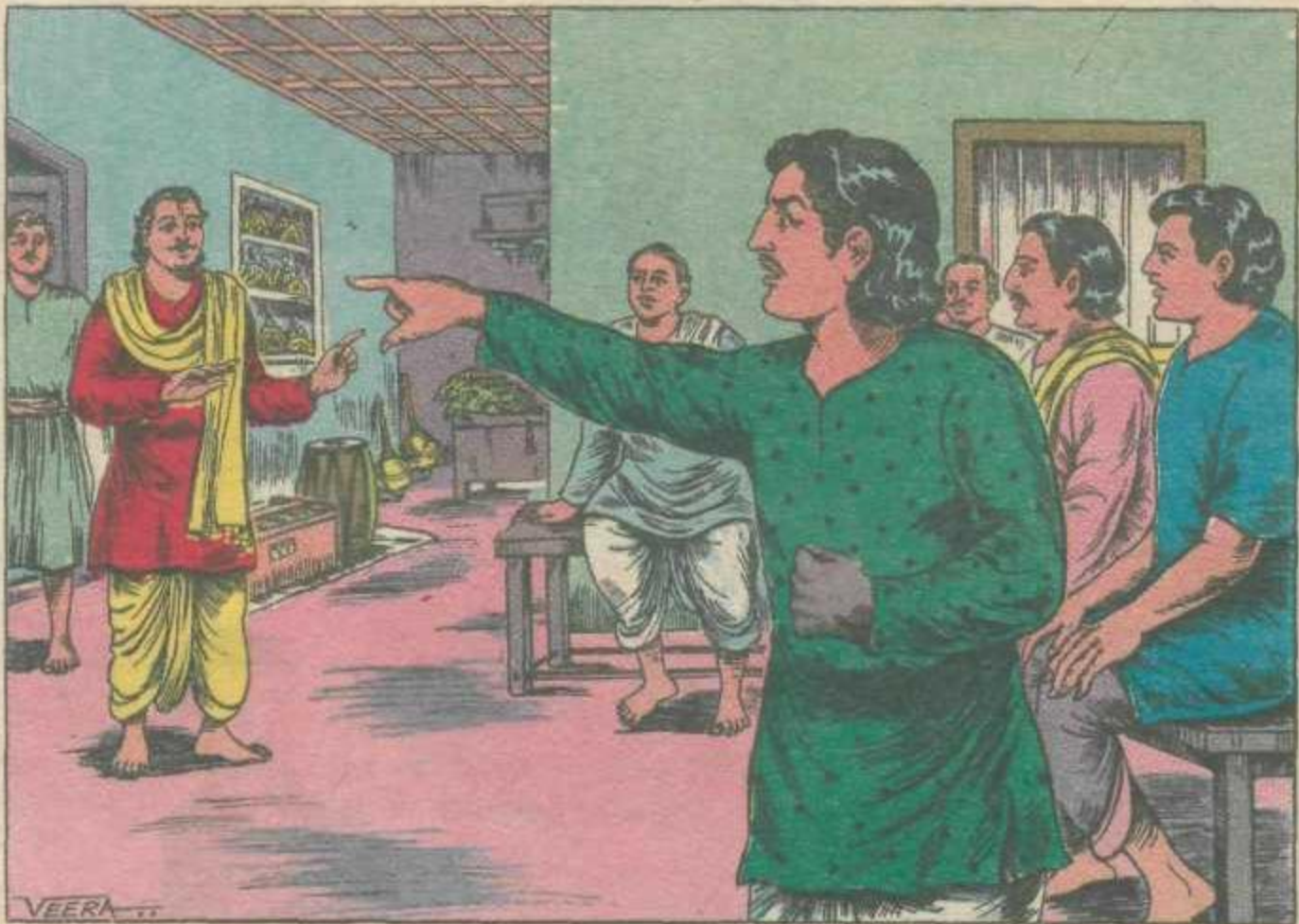
Four young men reported at the director's temporary office. "Please wait.. The director will be back in half an hour," said the assistant director.

But the director returned after two hours. What is worse, he passed a hurried look at the candidates and said rudely, "Is it a shelter for refugees that you came rushing here?"

Three of the four young men kept quiet, their heads hung. But the fourth one stood up and, trembling with rage, cried out:

"How proud you are,
Though a well-known director!
You ought to be tumbled
Humiliated and humbled!"

The director patted him on the back and said laughing, "We needed an actor to play the role of the angry sage Durvasha. I have now found the right one!"





The Adventures of GEMS BOND

MEET THE MOST EXCITING HERO OF THEM ALL... GEMS BOND!

MY NAME IS BOND... GEMS BOND

GEMS BOND THINKS HE'S ON A SIMPLE MISSION THIS TIME: ALL HE HAS TO DO IS TAKE PROF. MATHEMAGIC AND HIS SECRET FORMULA TO HEADQUARTERS.

BUT, UNKNOWN TO BOTH OF THEM, THE DREADED BLACK COBRA GANG IS AROUND THE CORNER - AND WAITING TO STRIKE!

LET'S GET HIM!

IF THE PROF'S FORMULA FALLS INTO THE WRONG HANDS, THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD COULD BE AT STAKE!

WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!

WE MUST SAVE THE SECRET FORMULA!

GEMS BOND STEPS ON THE ACCELERATOR OF HIS GEMSNOBILE -

GEMS BOND IS IN CONTROL: IT'S TIME FOR HIM TO PRESS THE GEMS BUTTON!

DON'T WORRY PROF!

BUT THE VILLAINS ARE CATCHING UP!

THE GEMSNOBILE RELEASED A FLOOD OF GEMS, TAKING THE VILLAINS BY SURPRISE!

THE VILLAINS' CAR GOES OUT OF CONTROL... AND GEMS BOND SCORES OVER THE BLACK COBRA GANG AGAIN. THE FORMULA IS SAVED!

CRASH

AND SO GEMS BOND IS READY TO FACE HIS NEXT ADVENTURE. THE EXCITEMENT CONTINUES...

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Non-stop excitement!



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STORY OF

BUDDHA

—By Manoj Das

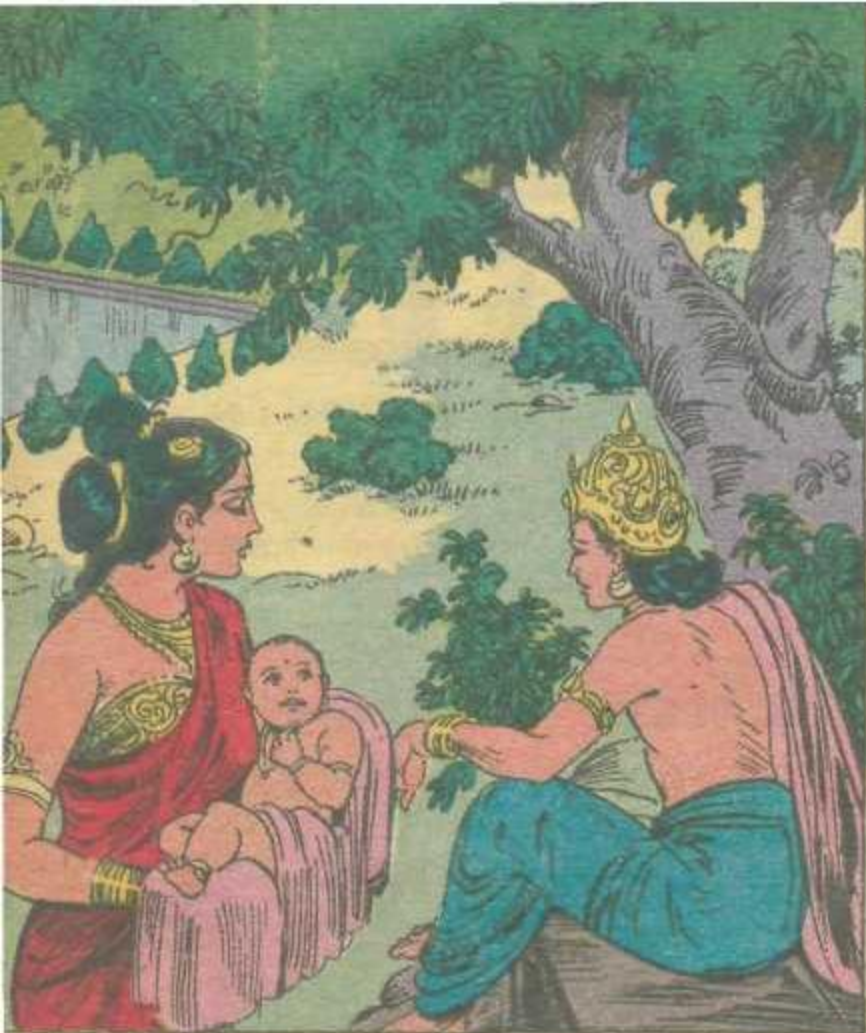
(Prince Siddhartha, begins to drive into the different localities of the city. He sees an old man, a sick man and a dead one too. He grows extremely pensive, thinking about the meaning of human life.)

GROPING IN DARKNESS

BACK from his third consecutive ride into the city and its outskirts, Prince Siddhartha straight went into his private garden behind his summer palace. He sat down on one of the cosy seats kept ready for him under different trees and around the pool. He was lost in his thoughts.

His wife, Princess Yasodhara, happened to be in the garden along with her son and her maids. She was delighted to see her husband coming into the garden. She signalled to him to come near her. But as the prince took no notice of her, she took her child from the hands of her chief maid and walk-





ed towards the prince.

The little child seemed very happy. Smiles flickered on his lips. Princess Yasodhara was most eager to show this heavenly sight to her husband.

"Look how your son is showing his first signs of his happiness. I am sure, he will be a happy prince — like his father!" said Yasodhara.

Siddhartha smiled at his wife. "Like his father? Are you sure that his father is a happy prince?" he asked.

Yasodhara's moon-like face seemed to be clouded for a moment. She lowered her voice and said, "Indeed, my lord, you lack

nothing of the things which go to make people happy. Even then I observe that lately you remain absent-minded and grave. I don't know what ails you. Maybe, I am lacking in something and I am to blame for it!"

"My dear wife, to dream of a better wife than you are is to live in a fool's paradise. While you are as dignified in your conduct and as beautiful as the most ideal princess should be, you are also as faithful and loving a wife as the most ideal wife should be. I must confess that lately I am assailed by some painful thoughts. But let me assure you that neither you nor anybody else is its cause," said Siddhartha.

"My lord, I may not be the cause of your worries, but is it not my misfortune that I have failed to cause you happiness?" murmured Yasodhara.

"My dear wife," said Siddhartha in a tender tone, "it is not easy for me to explain my mood to you. It is not that I am unhappy, but I cannot help deeply ruminating over certain problems. And the problems are so serious that I do not have any hope of finding any solution to them in my present condition. I continue to grope in darkness." He said

after heaving a sigh, "Yes, all is dark before me!"

"Look, look at your son," exclaimed Yasodhara excitedly. "See how he smiles! Does it not bring some light of joy into the dark tunnel of thoughts which you have entered?"

"My dear wife, far from bringing any light to me, it only confuses me more, makes my darkness even darker. Yes, I see the child smiling. Though I cannot enter his mind, I presume that he is happy at this moment. So what? Who can assure us that he will continue to be happy? Who can tell us that a disease will not wipe out his smile tomorrow? Surely, we will share his sorrow and will do our best to cure him. But who can stop him from growing old? Maybe, because he is a prince who can command as many hands as he would like to; to do his bidding, old age may not make him utterly helpless, but can all his power, all his wealth, his high status and all his wisdom protect him from death?"

Yasodhara's eyes moistened with tears as she kept gazing at her son.

"Tell me, dear wife, how then can I feel happy simply because he is smiling at the moment? His is a smile that blooms out of ig-



norance. If I am pensive, that too is because of my ignorance, because I do not know the purpose of our birth, the meaning of our suffering and why we grow old and why we die. The question before me is, how to find a way out of this ignorance which fills and surrounds all of us, perhaps all the human beings, the prince and the pauper, the sage and the fool. How to achieve freedom from this bondage of ignorance? Wherever I look, I find nothing but the reign of ignorance!"

The prince's remarks were too much for Yasodhara. She was anxious to divert his mind to something different, something

joyous.

"My lord," she said humbly, "I am too ignorant even to understand why a wise man like you has to bother about nothing but ignorance, why all the ignorance of the world must sit like a burden on your head. But let me remind you that tomorrow is the day when our son is to receive his name. It is for you to choose a name which the priests will confer on our child through the necessary rituals."

Prince Siddhartha was gazing at the child. What a lovely example of innocence he was! How blissfully he had surrendered himself to others' cares! How beautifully he smiles — like an angel!

The prince fondled the child. That encouraged Yasodhara to repeat her question: "What name should he bear?"

Prince Siddhartha was then waking up to the bond of attachment that tied him to the child.

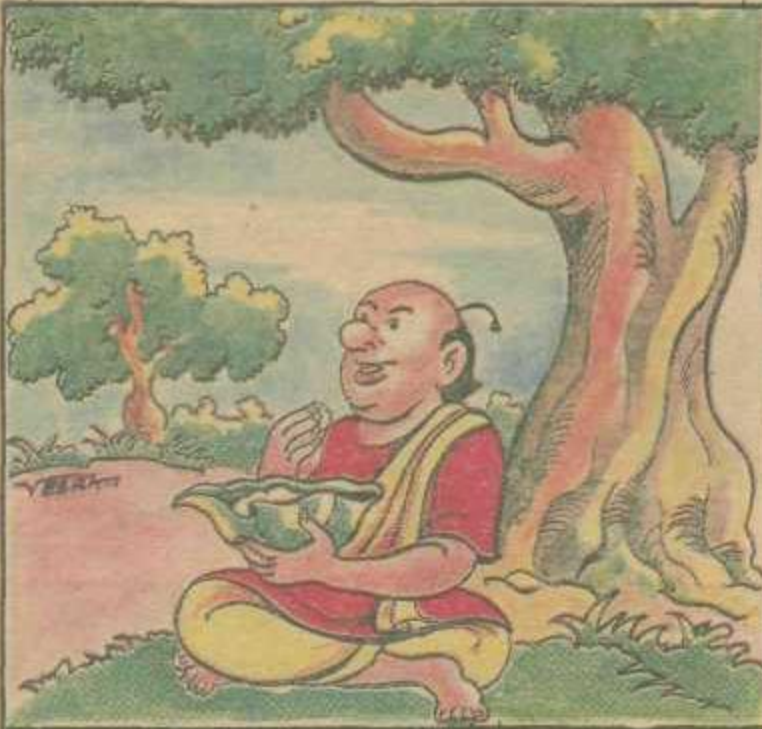
"Rahula!" he said. The word meant bondage. It is difficult to say whether he meant that to be his son's name or he was merely warning himself against the bondage which the child may prove for him. But the child was named Rahula the next day.

The castle and the city went festive on the occasion of the name-assuming ceremony of the infant prince. There were dances and songs and recitations. Siddhartha attended them dutifully, but anybody who observed him could have said that his mind was not in the festivities. "Channa!" he whispered to his charioteer and friend, "I feel suffocated. Tomorrow you must take me for a drive once again. To some lonely place we must go for a while!"

—To continue



THE JESTER BEFORE THE JUDGE



Gopal went on a pilgrimage. He bought some food and ate it, seated under a tree.

His eyes fell on a stray dog who looked at him wistfully. Gopal threw the leftover of his food at it.



Gopal then washed his hands and mouth in a pond and then entered a temple. The grateful dog followed him, wagging its tail.

Suddenly a trustee of the temple caught him. "You have violated the sanctity of the shrine by letting your dog in!" he insisted.



Gopal explained that he was not the dog's owner. But the trustee would take no such plea. He was produced before the local judge.



"How did you know that I own the dog?" Gopal asked the trustee. "The dog followed you!" said the trustee. "How did you know that the dog followed me?" he asked again. "Because I too followed you and saw it!" replied the trustee.

Gopal turned to the judge and said, "My lord, if one that follows me is owned by me, then I own not only the dog, but also this man!"



The judge dismissed the case. Gopal continued on his pilgrimage happily, to the great anguish of the haughty trustee.

THE MAN WHO DARED TO DEFY THE GODS

This is believed to have happened long long before the recorded history began. The gods as described by the ancient Greeks and Romans were not always kind to the human beings. Jupiter, whom the Romans considered to be chief god, once got annoyed with men. In fact, the human race had just begun. Jupiter took away the fire which men could use for their survival. That was pushing men into an utterly helpless condition.

But among the early men there

was one youth who was as brave as he was clever. He braved into the realm of gods, the heavens, and stole the fire from the chariot of the sun. His name was Prometheus.

Jupiter was very angry. He was determined to teach a lesson to Prometheus. He asked another god to make a woman out of clay. This woman, called Pandora, was very beautiful. Jupiter gave her a box and sent her to Prometheus.

Prometheus was too wise to walk into the trap. He avoided





Pandora. But Pandora met his brother Epimetheus who married her. When Pandora's box was opened, one after another different evils sprang out of it. These evils — disease, vanity, suffering, etc. — still plague mankind. The last to come out of the box was Hope. If mankind manages to bear with all its affliction, it is because of this element of hope in his mind.

Prometheus was overpowered and carried to Mount Caucasus. He was tied to a rock. A terrible

eagle pecked at his liver in order to torture him. This went on for thirty years. At last a great hero, Hercules, appeared on the scene. He killed the eagle and set Prometheus free.

The people of Athens dedicated a shrine to Prometheus. For a long time there used to be an annual race among the youths of Athens. Each runner would carry a burning torch. One who can arrive at the goal first without extinguishing it, was declared the winner.



HELPLESS!

Johnny: How could you give me zero?

Teacher: I was helpless, because I am not allowed to give anything less than that.

A folktale from Africa

A BIT TOO LATE

IN days gone by merchants bought huge quantities of fish from fishermen who lived on the seaside villages and carried them in their carts to the town.

It was a moonlit night and one such cart, loaded with fish, was passing through a forest. A jackal who saw it tried to jump into it from behind, but failed in his attempts. It was because the huge wooden basket filled with fish was quite high.

He thought for a while and then ran ahead of the cart and lay on the road, feigning to be dead.

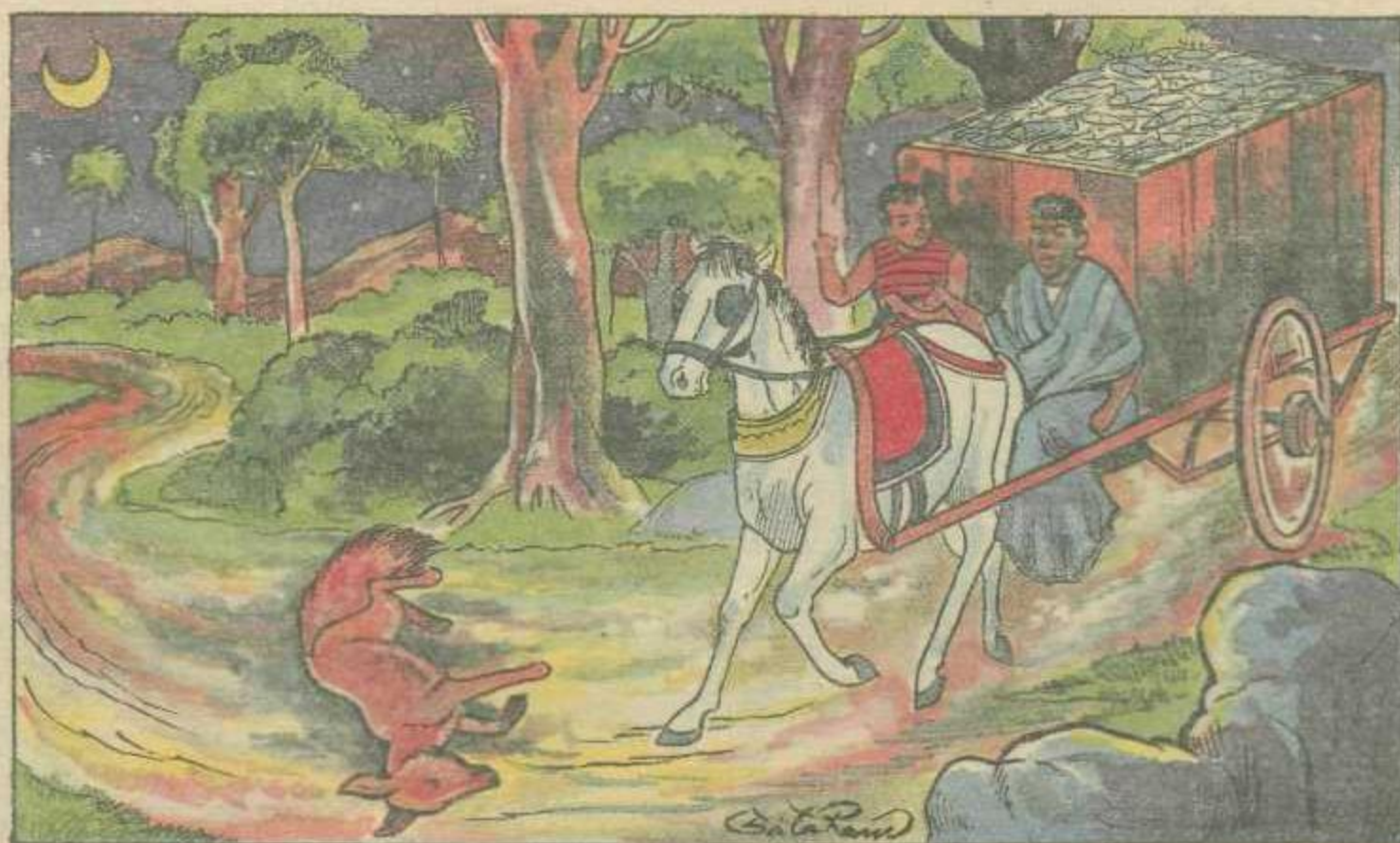
"There lies a jackal with silken

skin. Your wife desired to have one such skin, isn't it so?" the carter asked the merchant who sat by his side.

"Halt. Let's pick up the dead jackal," said the merchant. The carter hopped down and lifted the jackal and threw it into the fish basket. Then they resumed their journey.

Inside the basket the jackal feasted on the fish and threw some out of it into the bushes. He thought of eating them afterwards. After an hour he jumped out.

Going to collect the fish he had



thrown out, he saw that a hyena had eaten up most of them. "I saw what you did. I knew that you will eat your heart's fill and then throw some out. I walked parallel to the cart and I must confess that I was amply rewarded," the hyena said.

"You fool!" If you saw what I did, why did you not do the same thing? You could have eaten fish to your heart's fill as I did inside the fish basket, while enjoying a ride under the bright moon. What business had you to steal my fish?" said the angry jackal.

The hyena thought over the jackal's comment and admitted that he was a fool. "I must lie in front of the next cart!" he resolved.

"You'd be an even greater fool to do anything like that!" said an owl who overheard their conversation. But the hyena was in no

mood to pay attention to his warning. He lay down on the road the moment the sound of the next cart was heard.

"What is that?" the merchant asked the carter. "Seems like a hyena; I don't know whether dead or alive," replied the carter.

"Well and good if dead. But if alive, it may be a nuisance," said the merchant. Then he hurled a heavy club at the hyena. It almost cracked the hyena's back. It sprang up and ran for life.

"My dear hyena, you did not stop to hear my warning. The jackal was spared of such rough treatment because it had a skin useful to men and secondly because men hardly expect any danger from a jackal!"

"I understand," said the hyena.

"You understood a bit too late. The jackal took revenge on you because you stole his property," said the owl.





THE MAGIC AXE

In days gone by there was a landlord named Prabhudas. He was extremely generous. No beggar ever returned from his house without alms, no mendicant or wandering holy man ever returned from his house without enjoying his hospitality.

But his own employees and his rivals took advantage of his innocence and kindness. Those who borrowed different amounts of money from him never returned them to him. His clerks realised taxes from his subjects, but did not deposit the money in his treasury.

Prabhudas began selling parts of his estate to continue living in style and helping others. A day came when he realised that he had been reduced to utter misery. His own house which he had pledged with another landlord, was claimed by the debtor. Prabhudas and

his wife suddenly found themselves thrown out in the streets!

"Let us leave this area as soon as possible. It is so ridiculous to be seen as beggars among the very people who came to us for help and who revered us," Prabhudas told his wife. They left the village at night with their children.

It was early in the morning when they met with a sage. "Are you not Prabhudas, the lucky landlord who was so helpful to people like me?" he asked.

"Kind Sage, I'm Prabhudas indeed, but no longer lucky. I cannot help you now even if I want to!" said Prabhudas.

"Who said you are not lucky? Luck is not money. You are lucky because you have a clear conscience. Well, you have helped us always. Let me help you now. But I have no money to give you. Can



"I help you in some other way?" asked the sage.

"Holy one, I have been an idler all my life. I feel that I should work now. I must earn through my bare hands. I do not know in what way you can help," said Prabhudas.

"What kind of work do you propose to do?" asked the sage.

Prabhudas had not given a thought to it. He remained silent for a moment and then said, "Well, the little money I have will be sufficient to buy an axe. I must buy one and begin felling trees in a forest. I will sell the wood and earn my living."

"Well, then, buy the axe and come to me," said the sage. He

then sat down on a slab of stone.

Prabhudas left his family there and went to the nearest market and returned with an axe. The sage uttered some incantations on the axe and said, "With this axe, you can fell a tree, however big or strong it may be, with only one stroke!"

Prabhudas was happy. He thanked the sage and then continued to walk along with his wife and children till it was evening. They reached a bazar. Prabhudas took a small house on rent. His family settled down in it. Next morning he saw that there was a forest close to the bazar. He entered it with his axe. His wife and children also went with him. But soon the woodcutters who were already in the forest saw him and told him, "We will not allow you to become our rival here. You may go deeper into the forest."

Prabhudas had no desire to quarrel with them. He went farther into the forest and chose a big tree. But as he raised his axe to strike it against the tree, to his utter bewilderment he saw a giant in place of the tree. The giant laughed like thunderclaps; he made menacing gestures to terrify Prabhudas, but Prabhudas showed no sign of fear. He raised his

axe in self-defence. At that the giant took a backward step and was changed into the tree that it was.

Prabhudas did not know what to do. How can he begin cutting a tree knowing that it was a living being? As he stood musing over his duty, he heard a soothing voice, "You are a brave man. I tried to scare you, but you were not scared. Such a man should be able to understand that it is not good to cut down trees. We the trees not only shelter so many creatures and spirits, but also help mankind in many ways. We give you oxygen—so vital for your survival. We invite the clouds and so you get rains. We maintain the

quality of the earth. Men ought not to disturb us."

Prabhudas said, "What should I do? I must earn my livelihood!"

"You should go to the king and ask him to give an opportunity to earn your livelihood. It is the duty of the king to provide all his subjects with scopes for livelihood," said the voice.

The advice sounded quite sensible to Prabhudas. He left the forest and went to the capital and met the king. The king asked him several questions about his life and learnt that he possessed a magic axe by which he can fell one tree at one stroke. He was fascinated, though he could not fully believe Prabhudas. "Can I





borrow your axe?" he asked. How could Prabhudas refuse his axe to the king? He handed it over to him. The king went out into the forest himself. He found a very old, tall and stout tree. He struck a blow on it. Instantly it fell down. The king was amazed and overjoyed. Then he thought that perhaps the tree had grown too old to withstand the blow. He tried his axe on another tree, younger and stronger. That too fell down.

The king took a great fancy for the axe. Like a little child playing with his toy, he went on felling tree after tree. He had felled hundred trees in an hour. He returned to his palace, only to come

back into the forest in the afternoon. He went on felling more trees.

The sun went down and twilight spread over the forest. Suddenly, raising the axe against a tree, he stopped. Instead of the tree he saw a divinely beautiful woman standing before him.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm the spirit of this forest. How long will you go on with this madness?" asked the spirit of the forest.

The king stood speechless.

The spirit of the forest spoke again, "You have no right to destroy the trees. If at all you must cut down trees for your real need, you must also see to it that new trees are planted. You are ignorant of the fact that numerous diseases visit people because they destroy Nature. Beyond this forest there is a land. Go and see what has happened to the people there."

The spirit disappeared. The king grew pensive. He returned to the palace. Next day he and his minister put on the disguise of two soldiers and set out to the land beyond the forest. They saw the land looking desolate and gloomy. They went into a house and saw its master down with some kind of disease. His face was

marked by some patches. "What has happened to him?" they enquired of his wife.

"I don't know," said the woman. "But it is not only the case with my husband. Practically all the men and women in this land have begun to suffer from this unknown disease. Our physicians cannot cure the disease. In fact, they admit that their books do not refer to this disease."

"That means, this is a disease which has come about in a situation which is different from the situation that prevailed in olden days, when the books of medicine were written," observed the minister.

The king asked the woman, "What is the biggest change that has taken place in this land during your life-time?"

The woman thought for a moment and then said, "Well, this land abounded in green forests. Our people cut down all the trees to make ships at the king's order. Our land sells ships to other lands."

The king and the minister returned to their town. The king realised that the absence of trees had brought about some change in the atmosphere. The people did not find the same quality of



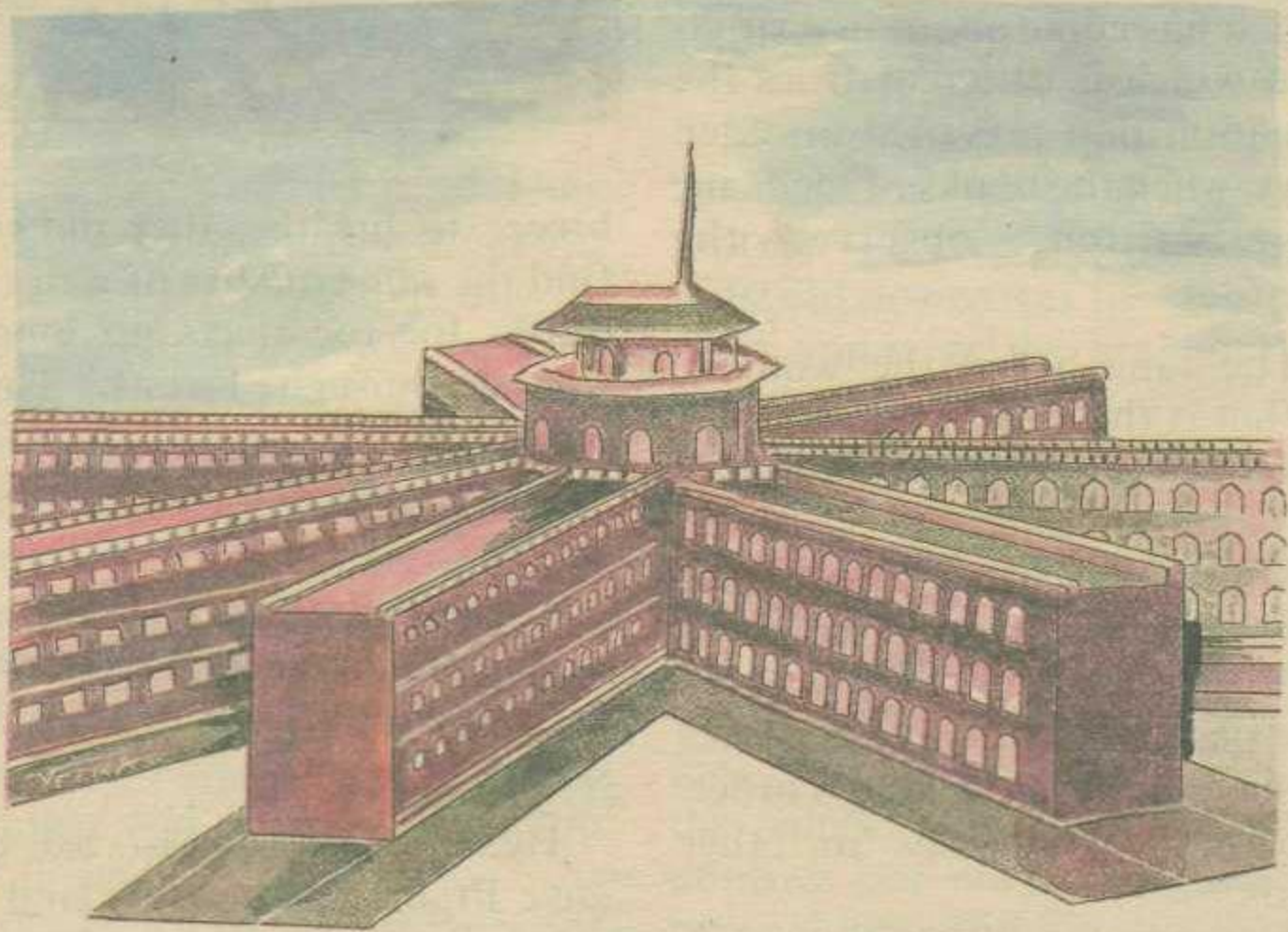
breeze to breathe, they did not find the same quality of water to drink, for the rivers no longer flowed through forests. Their bodies lacked something. The deficiency showed itself on their skins.

"Man is a child of Nature. How can he remain normal or healthy without the blessings of Nature?" said the king.

He buried Prabhudas's axe, but gave Prabhudas enough land to raise his crop. Prabhudas was happy. The king made a rule that nobody should cut down a tree without planting one. His land continued to smile with the support and love of Mother Nature.

THE CELLULAR JAIL

Before India won Independence, this jail situated at Port Blair in the Andamans was a synonym of terror. This was built during the last years of the nineteenth century. It is called Cellular because it consisted of 698 small cells. Freedom fighters were thrown into these cells at night, while during the day they had to labour hard. Hundreds of freedom fighters died within its high walls, undernourished and brutally tortured. Now the Cellular Jail is a national Memorial, a place of pilgrimage.





THE TRAVELLER AND THE HOBGOBLINS

Not far from the city of Vi-dyanagar was a dense forest. The forest was the home of numerous animals and birds. But what is more, it was also a comfortable dwelling place for different kinds of spirits, ghosts and spooks.

Among them were two hobgoblins. They took station on a tree very close to the road which passed by the forest. Their joy was to play pranks on the passers-by. The older hobgoblin was an expert at reading the minds of men by looking at their faces. The younger one was adept at harassing them.

"Every man, however good and virtuous he may be, is bound to have some weakness in his character," observed the older hobgoblin.

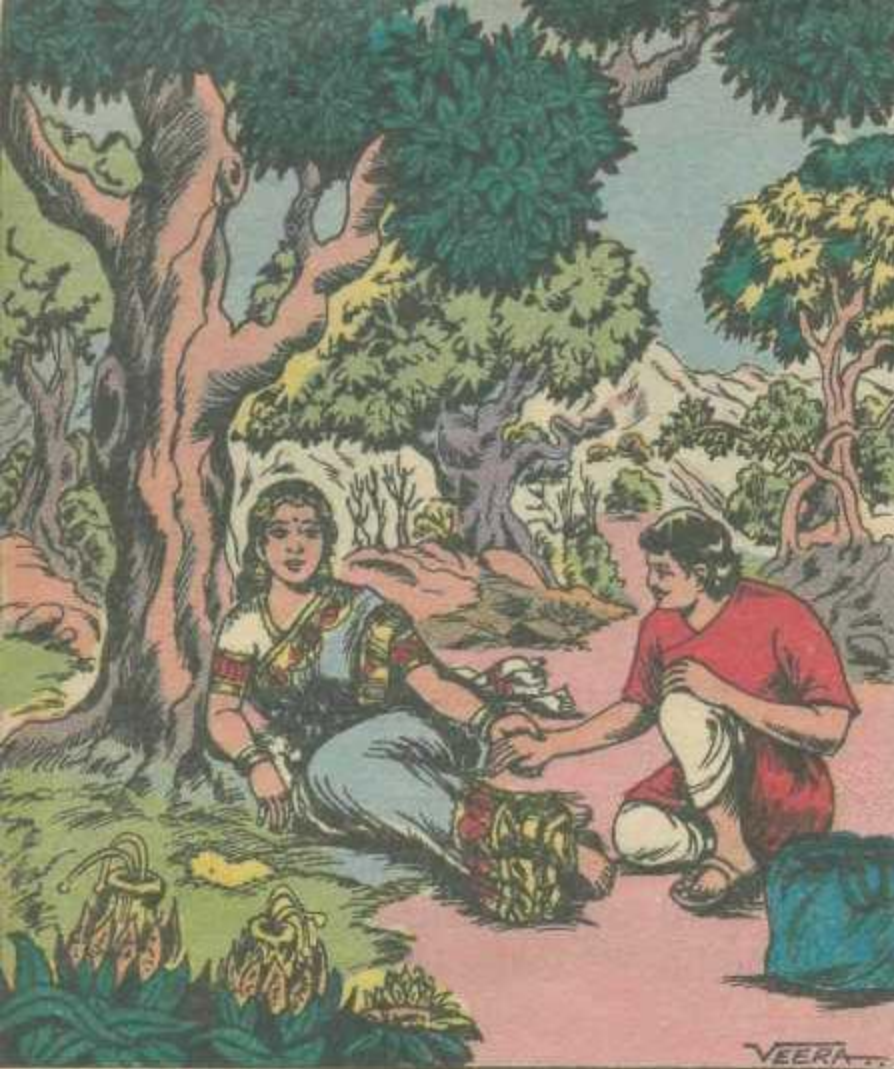
"Is that so? Now, look at that

man coming in this direction. What kind of weakness do you think he has?" asked the younger one.

The older hobgoblin gazed at the traveller's face for a full minute, but then she confessed that she had not been able to detect what was his weakness. The traveller's face was serene. It did not show any emotion.

"Let me try and find out!" said the younger hobgoblin. She brought out a glittering yellow bundle from the hollow of the tree and placed it on the road. Both waited to see the traveller's reaction.

The traveller looked at the bundle, but only said to himself, "I wonder who left it here!" He continued to walk, without even



touching the bundle.

"The fellow has conquered his greed, I must say," observed the older hobgoblin.

"Let me try another trick on him," said the younger one. She changed into a charming damsel and walked towards the road. The traveller's eyes fell on her, but he showed no interest in her. The false damsel deliberately put her foot on a thorn and gave out a cry of pain and sat down, as if unable to walk.

The traveller went near her and asked tenderly, "Will you show me your foot? I maybe able to take the thorn out."

The false damsel let him take out the thorn. Then she took his hand into hers and said, "Young man, how kind and noble you are! How much I would love to have a young man like you as my life partner!"

"Enough. You go your way and I go my way," commented the traveller.

He resumed his walk without wasting a word more.

The younger hobgoblin came back to her older companion, feeling rather embarrassed.

"The fellow has conquered his passions, no doubt," observed the older hobgoblin. "But once let me try him," she added.

A minute later the traveller heard a cry coming from a bush, "I'm dying of thirst. Does anybody hear me?"

The traveller at once located the thirsty man who looked like a king. He ran to a spring and brought water in a cup he made with a banana leaf. The thirsty man drank the water and said, "I am most thankful to you. I am the ruler of this land. I came for hunting, but fell down from my horse. You saved my life. Accompany me to my court. I will heap



honours on you."

"Thank you, but I'm not interested," said the traveller and he resumed walking.

The older hobgoblin who had assumed the form of a king returned to her tree and said, "The man has already achieved victory over ambitions."

"That means, he has no weakness of any kind," said the younger one.

"Let us have a last try," proposed the older one. She took the form of a father and the other one became her son. The two pursued

the traveller and soon found him resting under a tree. They talked to him in a friendly manner. Soon the traveller began to narrate his experiences. At the end he burst into a wild laugh and exclaimed, "Nothing, nothing, nothing can tempt me. I am too great to be lured by anything, Ha ha!!"

The hobgoblins took leave of him. "Did you find out his weakness?" asked the older one.

"Yes, of course. It is his vanity. A man who praises himself does not deserve to be praised by others," said the younger hobgoblin.

WHEN NOT TO WHISPER!

"Mummy, can I tell you something in a whisper?" the little Vasanti asked her mother who was busy entertaining a party of guests.

"No, little one, it is not decent to whisper while the guests are around," said the mummy.

"All right then. What I wanted to inform you is, that fat bear-like gentleman took a third cake when you were not looking at him," reported Vasanti.



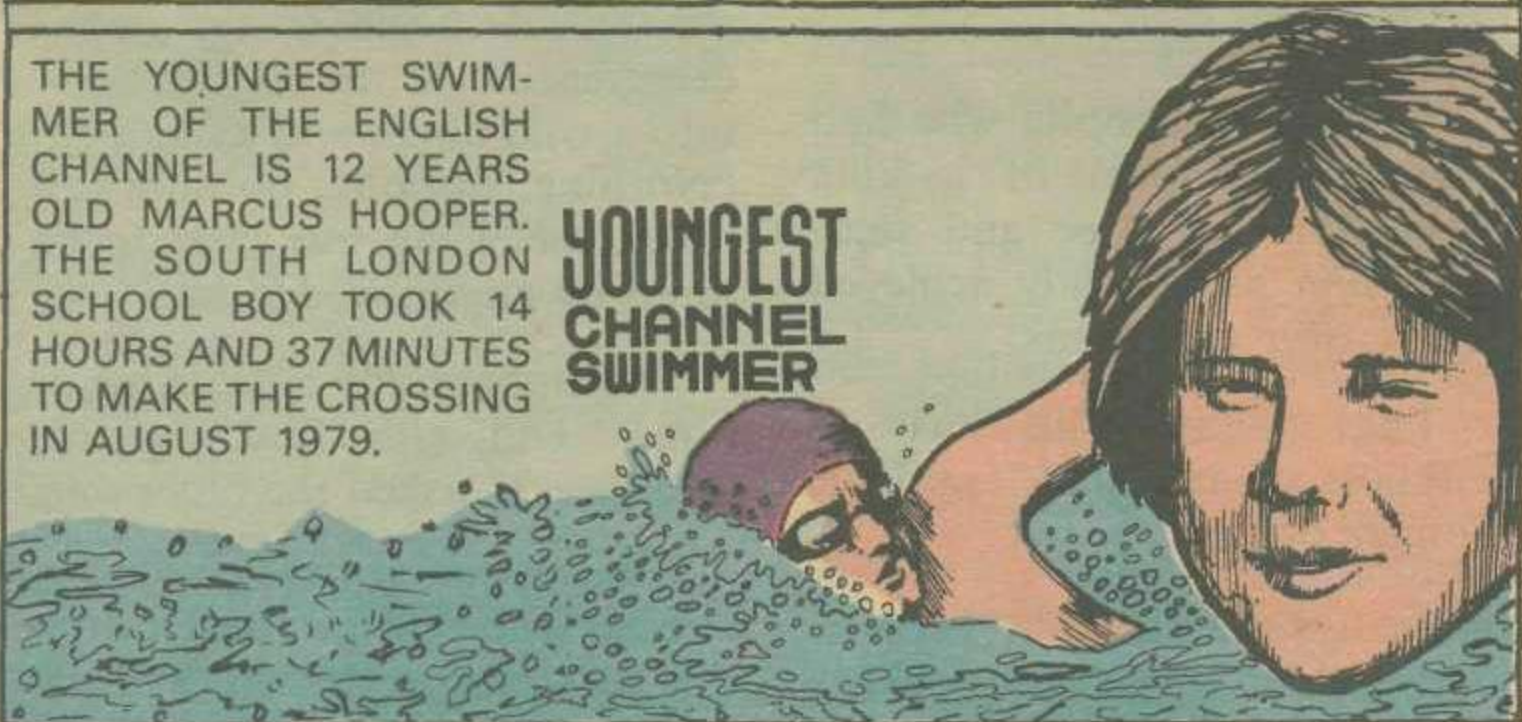


First International...

THE FIRST FULL SOCCER INTERNATIONAL PLAYED BETWEEN NON-BRITISH SIDES TOOK PLACE IN 1902 AT VIENNA WHEN AUSTRIA BEAT HUNGARY 5-1.

THE YOUNGEST SWIMMER OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL IS 12 YEARS OLD MARCUS HOOPER. THE SOUTH LONDON SCHOOL BOY TOOK 14 HOURS AND 37 MINUTES TO MAKE THE CROSSING IN AUGUST 1979.

YOUNGEST CHANNEL SWIMMER



DARTS

MORE PEOPLE PLAY DARTS IN THE BRITISH ISLES THAN ANY OTHER SPORTING PASTIME. THE NATIONAL DARTS ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN WAS FORMED IN 1953.



TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH FROM HISTORY



SHAH JAHAN

Prince Khurram, the son of Jahangir, who became the fifth Moghul Emperor of Delhi as Shah Jahan, was born on the 5th of January 1592.

Shah Jahan was in the Deccan when Jahangir died in October 1627. Jahangir's queen, Nur Jahan was in favour of the younger prince Shahriyar ascending the throne. But Shah Jahan reached the capital and occupied the throne with the help of his father-in-law, Asaf Khan, the most powerful noble. He built the legendary Peacock Throne. The Juma Masjid at Agra, and the Red Fort are among the many other monuments he constructed. But the most famous deed of his was the Taj Mahal at Agra, the monument to house the tomb of his queen, Mumtaz Begum. He fell ill in 1657. A war of succession began among his sons—Dara, Shuja, Aurangzeb and Murad. Aurangzeb emerged as the victor and captured the throne in July 1658. Shah Jahan died as a prisoner in 1666.

WHO IS HE?

A king had asked all his sons and nephews to gather in front of the shrine. It was his desire to see all the young men who were eligible to succeed him to the throne. He wanted some wise men to see them along with him. Perhaps they could advise him who among them was the most promising prince.

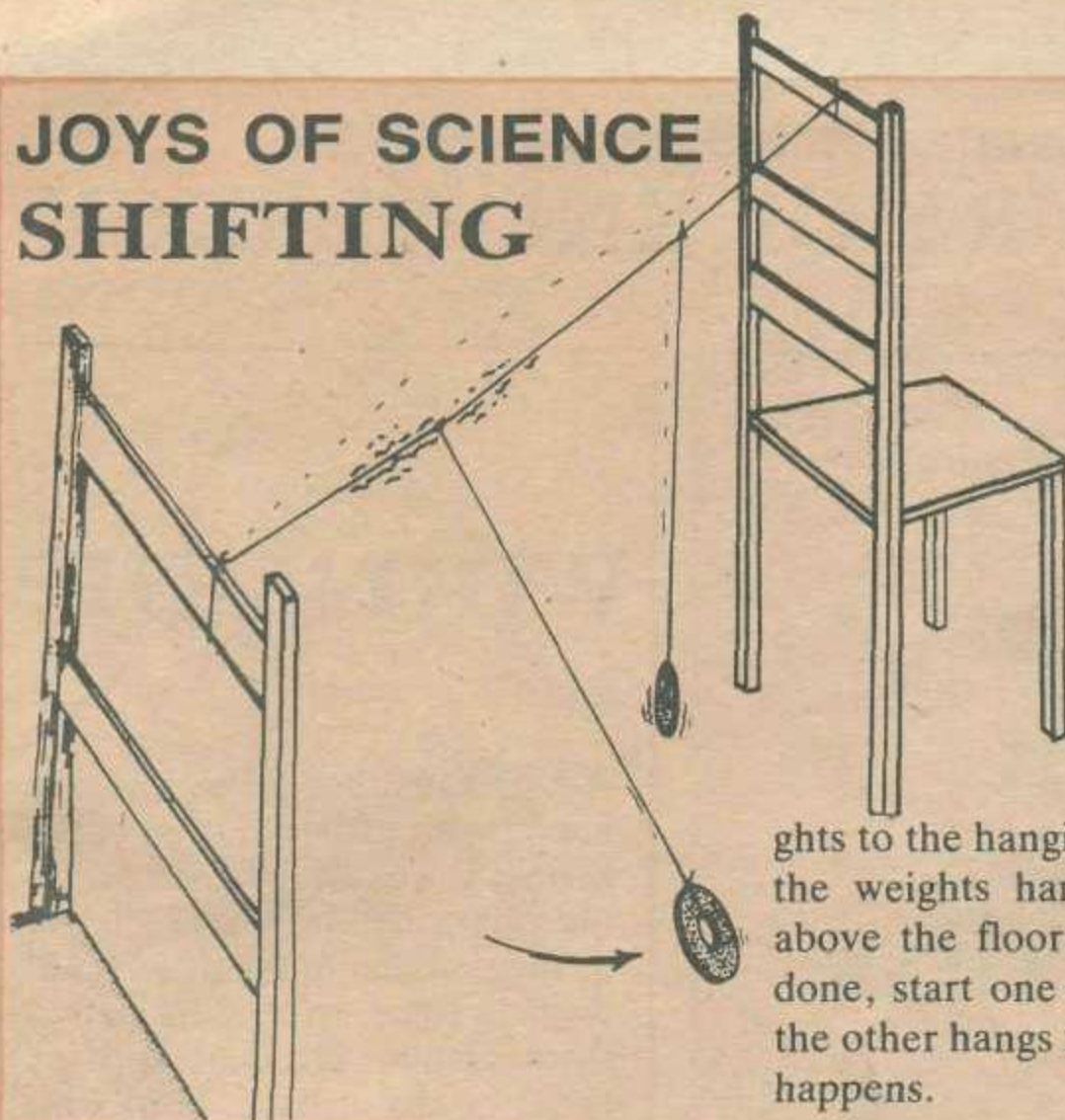
"Who among you had the best breakfast, and came here by the best vehicle and were seated on the best seat?" asked the royal priest.

Indeed, some of the princes had come riding excellent chariots or horses and some sat on bejewelled coaches or divans carried by their servants.

After several princes had answered the question, a young prince stood up and said, "I had the best breakfast because I consumed what my mother gave me. I came by the best vehicle—by foot. I sit on the best seat which is the earth."

Who, according to the legend was this boy? See Page No VIII

JOYS OF SCIENCE SHIFTING



Directions:

Tie a six foot string from the back of one chair to that of another. Then attach two strings that are each two foot long at equal distances to the cross string as shown, and tie similar weights to the hanging end of each so that the weights hang at equal distances above the floor. When this has been done, start one weight to swinging as the other hangs freely, and watch what happens.

What happens and why:

In a few moments, the second weight begins to swing a little too, and shortly after that, the first weight stops swinging. And in another minute or so, the second weight stops and the first is swinging. The transfer of motion continues back and forth several times as the swings become less and less until both weights no longer swing.

If the cross string is observed closely, it can be seen to move as it is pulled by the weight that is swinging. As this happens, the motion of the cross string pulls on the string of the other weight, and after a few swings of the first weight, the second weight begins to swing. As this happens, both weights are soon swinging and pulling on the cross string in opposite directions, which results in the continuous transfer of motion—*causing the weights to "take turns swinging."*

Unless the cross string is able to move sideways and in this way impart motion to the other weight, the transfer of motion cannot take place. Therefore if a broomstick or some other solid rod was used in place of the cross string, and it was not permitted to rock or turn, the motion would not be transferred from one weight to another. Would it? Why not do this and find out?



WONDERS OF THE WORLD

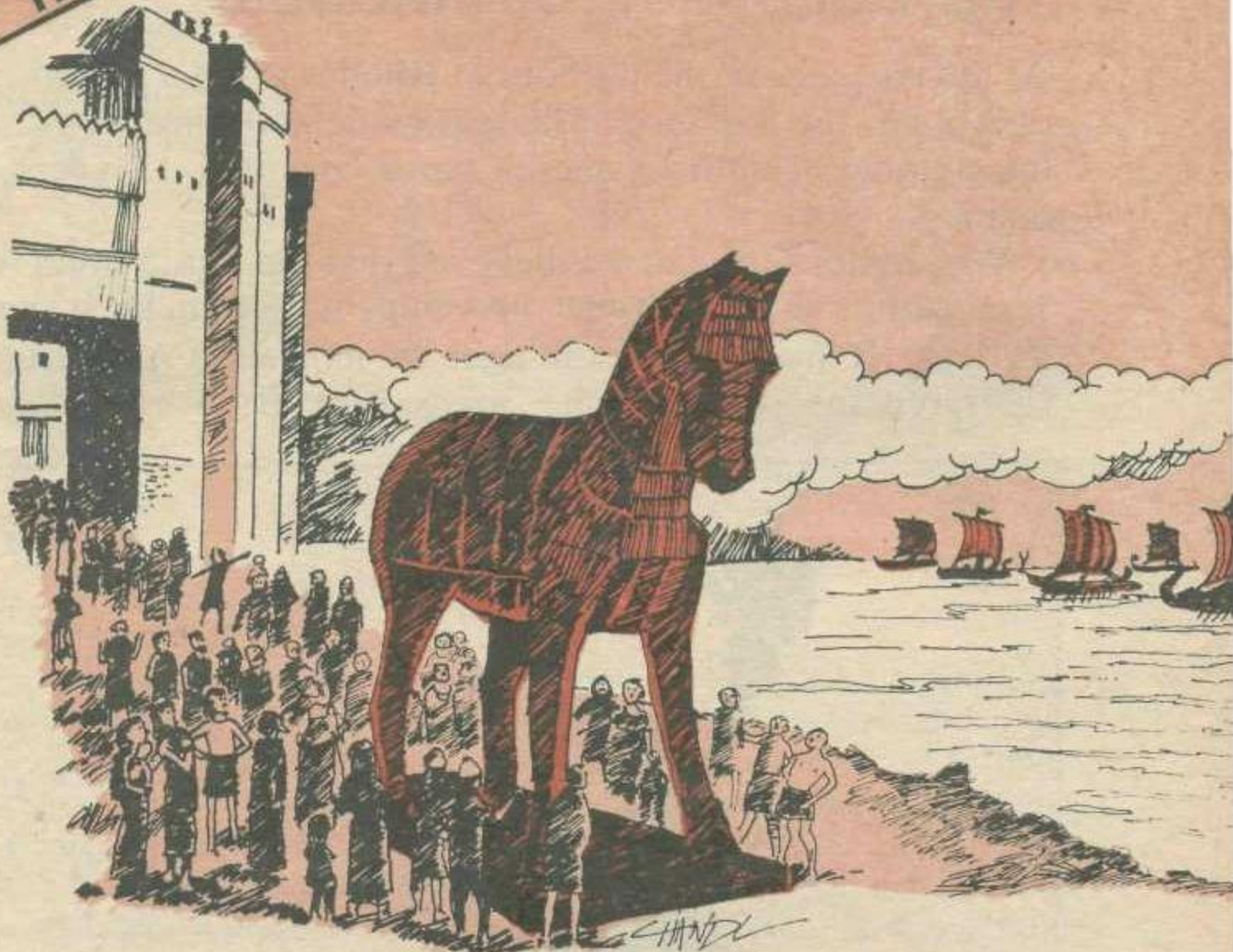
THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES

At the entrance of the harbour of Rhodes stood a gigantic statue of Apollo, the Sun-God. This was made in bronze. A gifted and imaginative sculptor named Chares, devoted 12 years to its making.

We are not sure, but it is believed that the statue stood with its legs astride at the entrance and ships passed under it, between its legs. It held a beacon light in its hand. An earthquake shattered the statue in the 3rd century B.C.



GREAT EVENTS OF THE WORLD

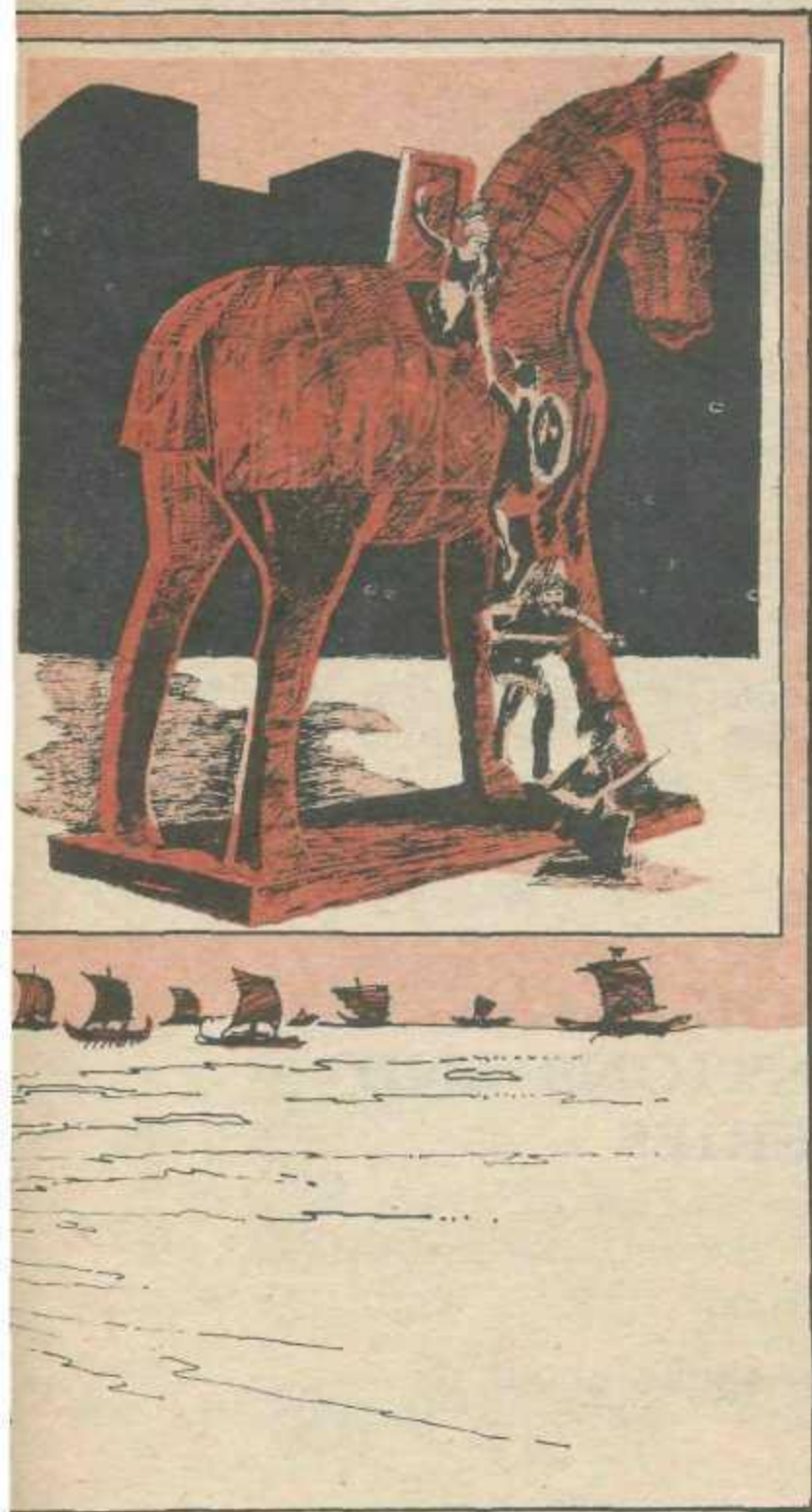


A long war took place in the 12th century B.C. between the Greeks and the Trojans or the people of Troy. The war lasted for ten years. It ended with the total destruction of Troy.

It happened like this: Helen was the most beautiful of all

THE SIEGE

women according to the legend. She married Menelaus, the King of Sparta, a Greek state. She was taken away by Paris, a prince of Troy. All the Greek heroes came together and sailed



OF TROY

to the shores of Troy. They attacked Ilion, the capital of Troy. The fortunes sometimes seemed to be in the favour of the Greeks and sometimes in favour of the Trojans. The great

poet of ancient Greece, Homer, narrates, the events of this war in his epic *Iliad* (which means the poem about Ilion).

At last the Greeks played a trick on the Trojans. They made a gigantic wooden horse. Some of their bravest warriors remained hidden inside it. They left it in front of the city of Ilion. It bore an inscription: "For their safe homeward voyage, the Greeks leave this offering to Goddess Athena."

The Greeks sailed away to a neighbouring island. The Trojans believed that the enemy had really retreated. They led the wooden horse into the city. At night they began celebrating their victory. Just then the Greeks returned. The warriors hiding inside the wooden horse also came out and opened the city gates. Together they destroyed Troy. Helen was recovered by Menelaus.

It is believed that such a war had actually taken place. A German archaeologist, Heinrich Schliemann, explored the area described by Homer. He discovered the ancient Ilion. The discovery shows that a highly developed civilisation existed there.

**LET US
PEEP INTO
INDIA'S PAST**



1. Which two cities of India derive their names from two lakes?
(A) Which one of the cities is older?
(B) Who founded that lake and the city?
(C) Who founded the other city and when?
2. The original name of the capital of an Indian state meant the "Sacred Eternal City". What is its modern name?
(A) The original name could also be interpreted differently. What is that interpretation?
(B) On how many hills was this city built?
(C) What was the name of the state of which the city was the capital before 1947?
3. "Man of the Hill" is the meaning of a tribe's name and a state is also named after the tribe. Which is the state?
4. Delhi had a different temporary name in the 17th century. What was it?
5. Which Indian city is celebrating 350th year of its birth in 1989?

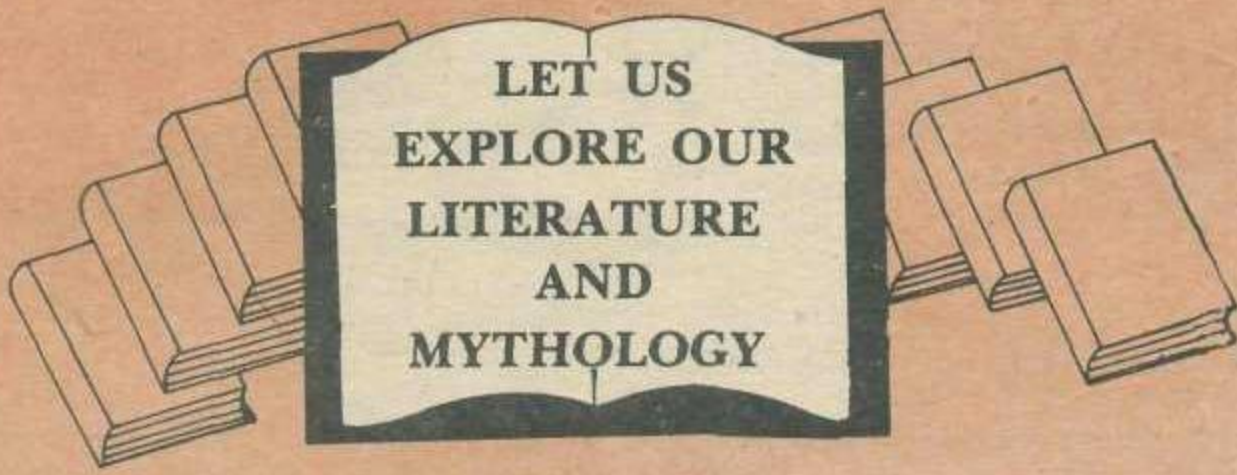
See Page No VIII

**THE WORLD OF FACTS,
SCIENCE, INVENTIONS AND
DISCOVERIES**

1. What is Atlantis and who spoke about it?
2. Where is El Dorado?
(A) What does it mean?
(B) Why did that name come to prevail?
3. When and where was polythene produced?
4. Who invented Table Tennis and when?
5. Is there any dog with a black tongue?
6. Can a diamond dissolve in acid?
7. What can destroy a diamond?
8. How much of the earth is covered by water?

See Page No VIII





1. Who are the three great wits in popular Indian tradition?
(A) To which areas of the country they belonged?
(B) Who were their patrons, according to tradition?
(C) Who among them came of a princely family himself?
2. Which book from the South is described as the fifth Veda?
(A) Who is its author?
(B) What is the language of the book?
(C) Where did the author live and when?
3. Who was the sage who was King Dasaratha's son-in-law?
(A) What was the name of his wife?
(B) What was his speciality?
4. What is the name of the Veena of Narada?

See Page No VIII

LET US LEARN A WORD IN ALL THE INDIAN LANGUAGES

Assamese : *Raatipua*; Bengali : *Sakal*; English : *Morning*;
Gujarati : *Sabar*; Hindi : *Savera*; Kannada : *Munjane*; Kash-
miri : *Subah*; Malayalam : *Ravile*; Marathi : *Sakal*; Oriya :
Sakala; Punjabi : *Savera*; Sanskrit : *Prabhat*; Sindhi : *Subuhu*;
Tamil : *Kalai*; Telugu : *Pagalu*; Urdu : *Subah*.

DO YOU BELIEVE

- * That cancer is incurable?
- * That all kinds of ice can melt?
- * That a rainbow can never be seen as a complete circle?

OH, NO!

- * There are over 1.5 million cured or symptom-free cancer patients in the U.S.A. alone.
- * The 'Dry-ice' does not melt. It evaporates.
- * It can be, from an aeroplane.

ANSWERS

WHO IS HE?

Emperor Ashoka.

INDIA S PAST

1. Bhopal and Amritsar. Bhopal derives its name from Bhoj Pal a lake. Amritsar from the lake by the same name.
(A) Bhopal, going back to the 11th century.
(B) Raja Bhoj.
(C) The fourth Sikh Guru, Ramdas.
2. Trivandrum. The original name was Tiru-Ananta-Puram.
(A) The City of the Sacred Serpent, Ananta.
(B) Seven hills.
(C) Travancore.
3. Mizoram. *Mi* means Man, *Zo* means the hill.
4. Shahjahanabad. Shah Jahan gave this name in 1648. The name, however did not last.
5. Madras.

SCIENCE

1. A legendary island believed to have existed beyond Gibraltar. Plato wrote about it.
2. A land of plenty and happiness which, people believed, was somewhere beyond South America.
(A) It means 'The Gilded Man'.
(B) The monarch of El Dorado was supposed to bathe in gold dust!
3. In March 1933, at Northwich, Cheshire.
4. James Gibb of England, 1888 or 1889. The sets were manufactured in 1898 by a commercial firm.
5. While all the other kinds of dogs have pink tongues, only the Chow dog has a black tongue.
6. No.
7. Only intense heat can.
8. Approximately 70 per cent.

LITERATURE AND MYTHOLOGY

1. Tenali Rama, Birbal, Gopal Bhand.
(A) To Andhra Pradesh, Rajputana, Bengal, respectively.
(B) Krishnadeva Raya, Akbar and Raja Krishnachandra.
(C) Birbal. He was a Rajput chieftain. Akbar bestowed on him the title Raja.
2. Thirukkural.
(A) Thiruvalluvar.
(B) Tamil.
(C) At Mylapore (a part of modern Madras) about two thousand years ago.
3. Rishyshringha.
(A) Princess Shanta.
(B) He could invoke rain.
4. Kachchapi.





NOT SO SAVAGE

THE ONLY RECORDED CASE OF A WOLF KILLING A MAN WAS IN CANADA, WHEN A HUNTER WAS BITTEN AND LATER DIED OF RABIES. CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF THE WOLF IS NOT SAVAGE. A HUNTING PACK SELDOM NUMBERS MORE THAN 10. ITS PREY IS USUALLY YOUNG, OLD, OR INFIRM, AND QUITE OFTEN CONSISTS OF RABBITS AND RATS.

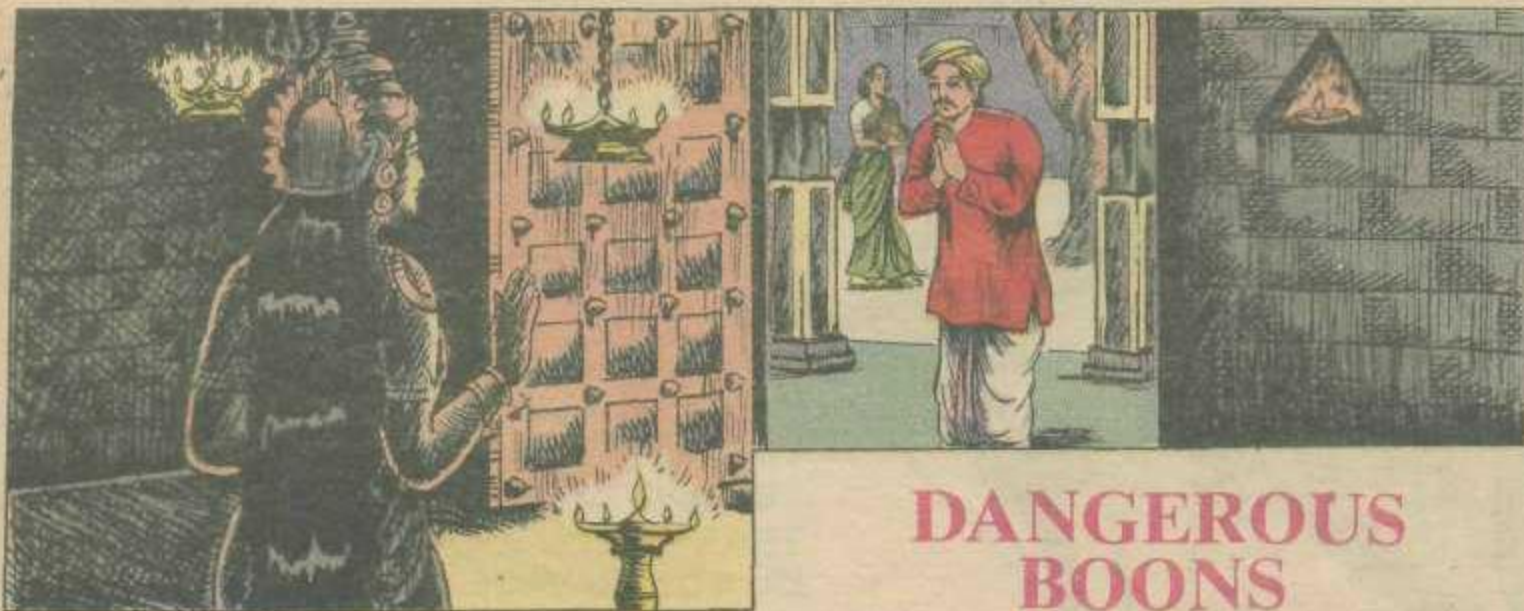
Giant Hailstones

HAILSTONES WHICH FELL AT COFFEYVILLE, KANSAS, U.S.A., IN 1970 MEASURED $17\frac{1}{2}$ IN (44.4 CM) IN CIRCUMFERENCE.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST WATER PLANT IS THE FAMOUS 'VICTORIA' (NYPHEACAE) AT KEW GARDENS, LONDON. THE FLOATING LEAVES MEASURE UP TO $6\frac{1}{2}$ FEET (2M) IN DIAMETER.

LARGEST WATER PLANT





DANGEROUS BOONS

Goddess Kali had many minor deities attending upon Her. They were not goddesses, but they were endowed with some powers.

One of them was very eager to come down to the human locality and reside there as a goddess. People would worship her and offer her food and flowers and that would make her happy. She told Goddess Kali, "Mother, kindly allow me to dwell among men for a while." Goddess Kali granted her prayer. The deity appeared before a landlord in his dream and instructed him to construct a temple and install the idol of a goddess in it. Ordinary folks hardly knew how to distinguish between a true goddess and a supernatural being. The landlord took the dream as one inspired by the Goddess Kali Herself. Accordingly he built a temple and consecrated it to Kali.

Needless to say, the one to dwell in the idol was not Kali but the minor deity who was Kali's attendant.

The villagers worshipped the deity as Kali and prayed to her to fulfil their different desires. The deity kept on granting their prayers to the best of her capacity. The villagers were by and large farmers. They prayed for timely monsoon and good harvest. Indeed, their fields smiled with bumper crop.

One day a merchant prostrated himself to the deity and said, "Mother, I hear that you always grant the people their prayers. I sell fertilisers. Kindly see to it that I find good customers in this village. If I make a handsome profit, I will offer a silver vessel to you!"

The deity was pleased. The

villagers offered fruits and rice to her on banana leaves. The hope of getting a silver vessel made her determined to help the merchant.

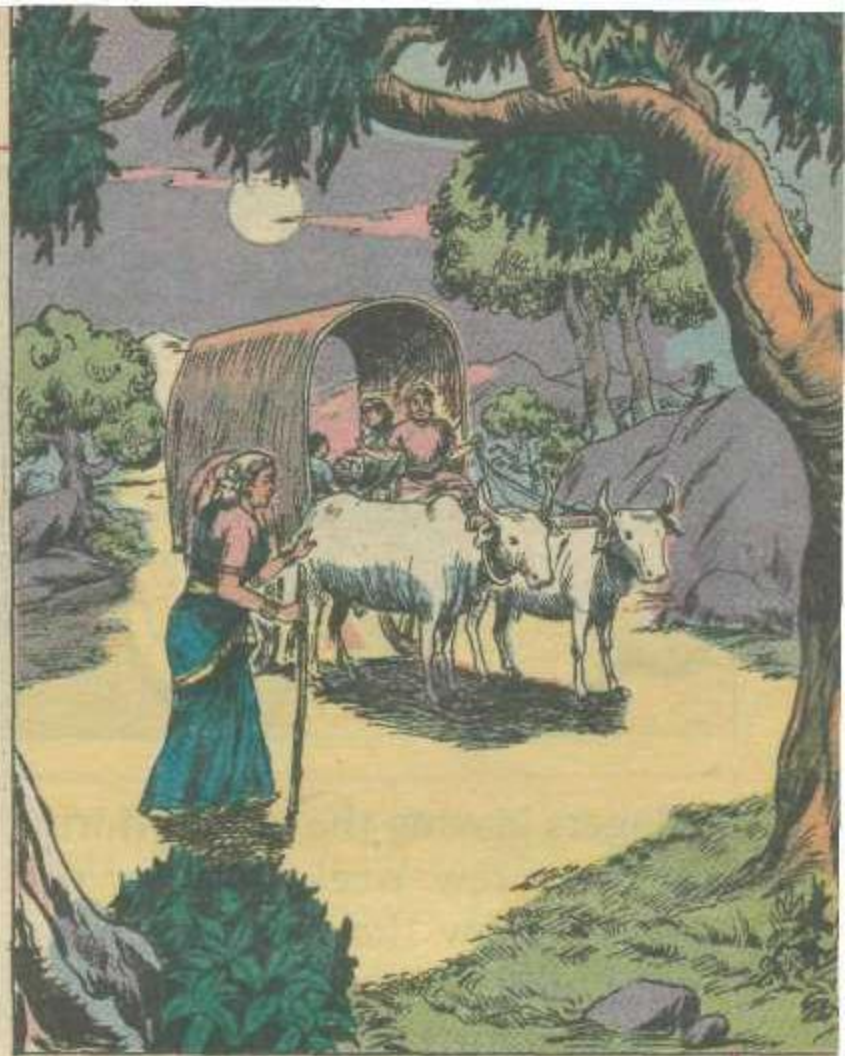
Monsoon failed the village. Even otherwise, the crop was found to be quite weak. The farmers concluded that the soil had lost its fertility. They began to buy in large quantities the fertilisers offered by the merchant. The merchant was happy. He duly offered a silver vessel to the deity.

A few months later another merchant prayed to the deity, saying, "Kindly grant me the boon of a good profit from the sale of insecticides. If you do so, I will offer you a silver tumbler."

The villagers offered water and milk to the deity in a brass tumbler. The prospect of a silver tumbler pleased her. She granted the necessary boon to him.

When the next crop grew, it was found to have been infected by insects. The farmers bought insecticides in plenty. The merchant made a handsome profit. He offered a silver tumbler to the deity.

But then the deity observed that the number of devotees turning up to her was growing smaller and



smaller. The silver vessel and the tumbler were there all right, but they lay often empty.

One night she saw one of her devotees leaving the village with his family. She appeared before his cart in guise of an old woman and asked him, "Where are you going, my son?"

"Well, like many other farmers, I am reduced to misery, thanks to the failure of our crops and their infection by insects. I have a relative in the town. He has promised to secure a job for me. That is why I am leaving the village," said the farmer.

The deity saw several other



villagers leaving the village during the next few weeks. Then, one day, she saw the two merchants too going away. She appeared before them. They bowed down to her and said, "Mother, you have been kind to us. But now the villagers have no need of our wares. That is because they have lost interest in farming. So, we are going away."

"Look here. I've been kind to you, but unkind to the farmers.

Now I will devote all my power to bring back their prosperity. My advice to you is, you should select such villages where the soil is naturally weak and where the crop is naturally infected by insects. Your trade will be helpful to the villagers. But never enter villages where the soil is already rich or where the crop is not infected by insects. If you do so, I will apply my power against you," said the deity. The frightened merchants agreed to abide by her instruction.

THE SYNONYM

Ravi: What is a synonym, Rajan?

Rajan: A synonym is a word you use when you can't spell the other one.





NEW TALES OF KING VIKRAM
AND THE VAMPIRE

THE COBRA AND THE SAGE

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Gusts of wind shook the trees. At the intervals of thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O king, has anybody cursed you so that you are taking such pains at this unearthly hour? There are holy men who do not know that their curses may not be effective. Sage Viswananda's case, of course, was different. Let me narrate his story to you. Pay attention to my narration. That may



bring you some relief.

The vampire went on;

In a certain forest lived a sage named Viswananda. One day he set out for Varanasi. As he was going out of the forest, he heard a faint cry coming from a dry well. He went near it and looked in. He found that a cobra had fallen into it. "Kindly save me from this pit," prayed the cobra. The sage was moved to pity. He lowered a long string of creeper. The cobra coiled around it. The sage pulled it out.

"How did you fall into this pit?" asked the sage.

"O my saviour, this misfortune

came to me through the treachery of a man. Early in the morning I was slithering this way with two of my babies. Someone's foot fell on my tail. I would have bitten him instantly, but with folded hands he apologised to me. I agreed to let him go his way, but the man said that since I have refrained from biting him, he would like to offer me some milk. I was a fool to accept his offer. The milk, obviously, contained some stuff which made me swoon away. When I came to senses, I did not see my babies. The fellow has stolen them!" lamented the mother-cobra.

"Wait. I will find out who the fellow is," said the sage. He entered the nearby village and asked the villagers if there was any snake-catcher in the village. They pointed at a certain house. Upon meeting the owner of the house the sage was left in no doubt about the fact that he was the culprit, for the description the mother-cobra had given matched the appearance of the man.

The sage angrily accused the man of treachery. The man admitted to his having stolen the baby-cobras, but said, "O great soul, to catch the cobras is my vocation. I do not kill them. I ex-

tract poison from them which I sell to physicians. However, if you ask me to restore the baby-cobras to their mother, I will readily do so."

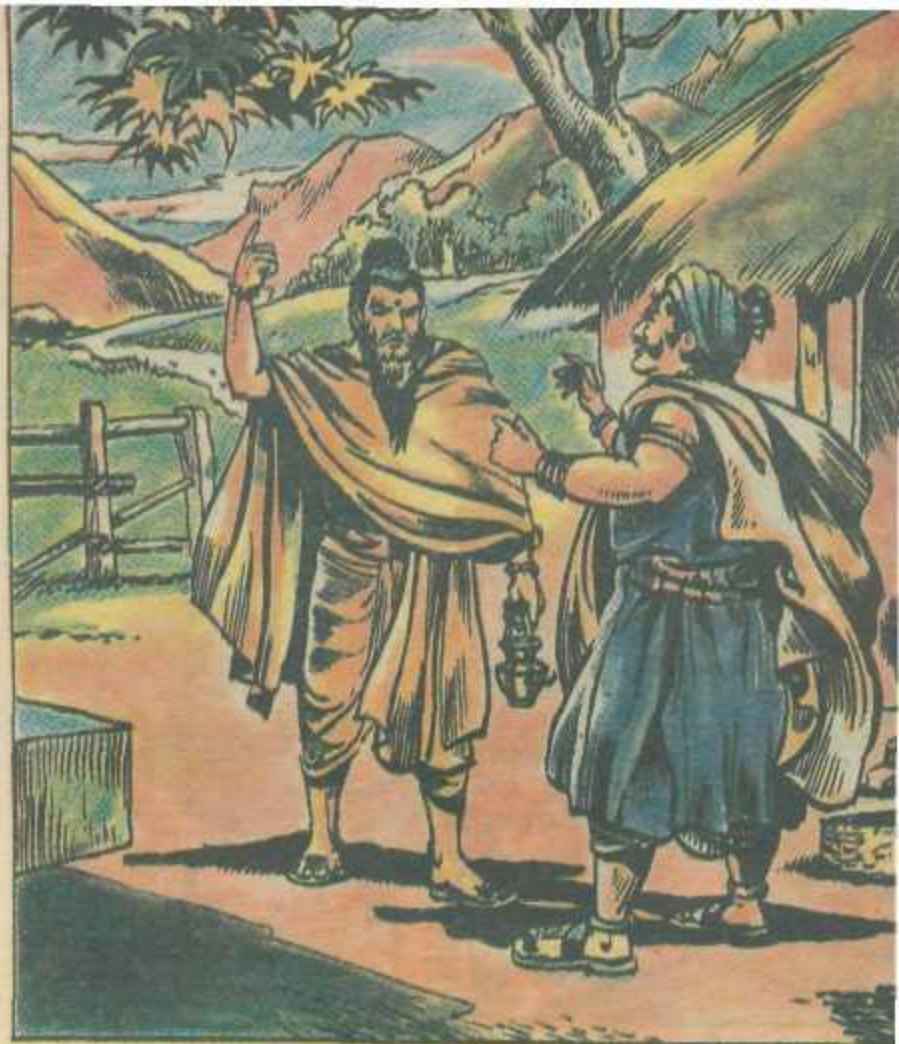
"Very well. Bring them along. Let us go to their mother," said the sage.

The snake-catcher followed the sage with the baby-cobras. He apologised to the mother-cobra and returned her young ones to her.

As the snake-catcher left the scene, the sage told the mother-cobra, "I will give you a boon. You and all the members of your tribe can freely move about in this part of the forest. No human being shall be able to do any harm to you."

The mother-cobra thanked the sage and out of profound gratitude, gave him a jewel. The sage resumed his journey. Soon he saw the snake-catcher and handed over the jewel to him, for he had no use of anything valuable.

The sage spent two or three years in Varanasi and other holy places and then returned to his native forest. His eyes fell on the mother-cobra. She looked miserable. She was even incapable of crying any more.

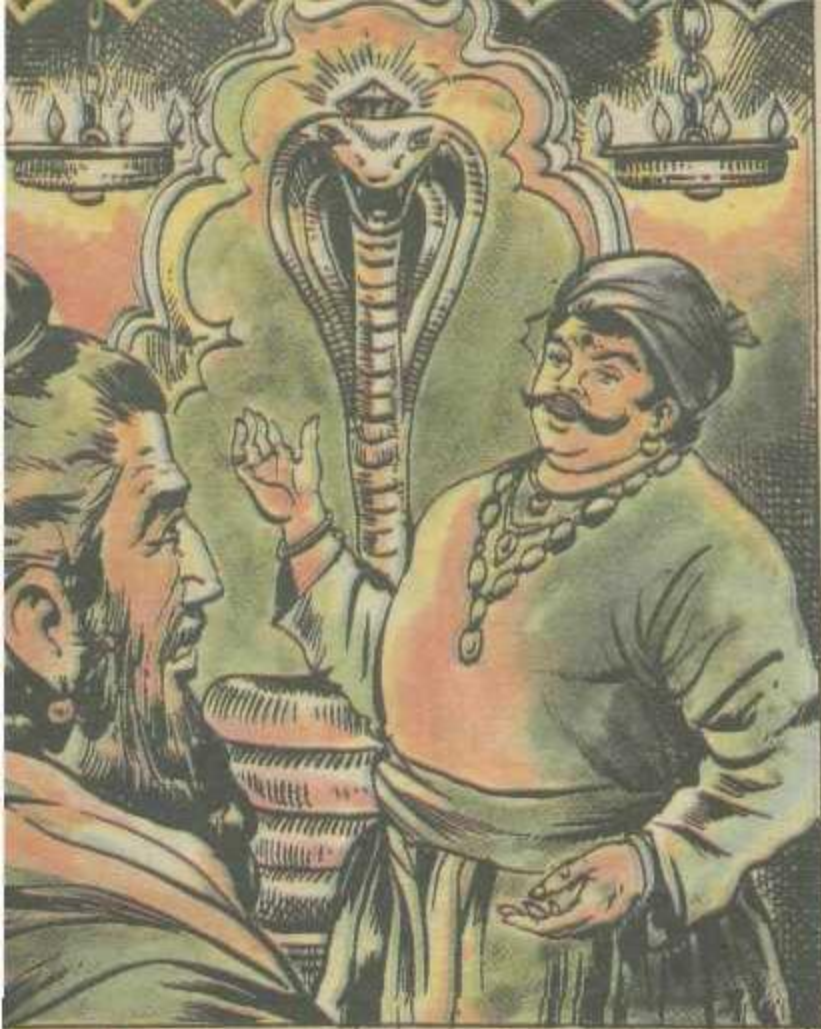


"What happened to you?" asked the sage.

"O great soul, one full-moon night we the cobras went out of the forest to pass a few hours on the river-bank. We used to do so every full-moon night. As we were relaxing, suddenly a fire broke out all around us. All the members of my tribe were consumed by the fire. I alone managed to escape. I could see that snake-catcher at some distance," said the mother-cobra.

"But why did he burn you all?"

"As you know, we belong to a special class of cobras who grow gems on our hoods. The fellow must have collected the gems and



got very rich," said the mother-cobra.

The furious sage at once proceeded to the village. He saw that the snake-catcher's clay house had given way to a mansion. The snake-catcher had grown fat, though he looked very sick. What is amusing, he was worshipping an image of the cobra.

"You wicked man! What hypocrisy is this? You kill the live cobras and then worship a metal cobra!" shouted the sage.

"Pardon me, sir," said the man, gasping for breath. "But the cobras became a menace for the people of this locality. Whoever went into the forest, either for

wood or for herbs or as a traveller, was threatened by the cobras, if not always bitten. I do not know why, but we could not kill a single cobra in the forest. That is why I had to kill them when they were outside the forest," said the man.

"Haven't you taken away their gems?" demanded the sage.

The man stood almost shivering with fear.

"So, that was your motive. You have grown very rich. Now, in order to appease the spirit of the snake-god, you are worshipping him!" observed the sage.

The man stood in silence, his head hung.

"I curse you so that..."

The sage suddenly stopped, looking at the face of the horrified man. Then he said, "No, if curse I must, I must curse myself, not on one count but on two counts. You are already cursed!"

The sage turned and went away.

The vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of King Vikram in a challenging tone, "O King, why did the sage say that he ought to curse himself and that too twice? Why did he observe that the snake-catcher was already cursed? Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite



your knowledge of the answers, your head would roll off your neck."

Forthwith replied King Vikram, "The sage realised that he had committed two blunders himself. First, he had given away the gem to the snake-catcher, thereby revealing to the fellow that the cobras living there were of the special kind who grew gems. Secondly, he gave a boon to the cobras of the area so that no human being could harm them. Consequently, the cobras became

a menace to men. Hence, the sage thought that he himself was at the root of the tragedy. So far as the snake-catcher was concerned, he had grown unhappy and panicky, though very rich. In other words, earning his wealth through an unscrupulous way had been a curse to him. There was no need for the sage to curse him."

No sooner had King Vikram finished giving the answers than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

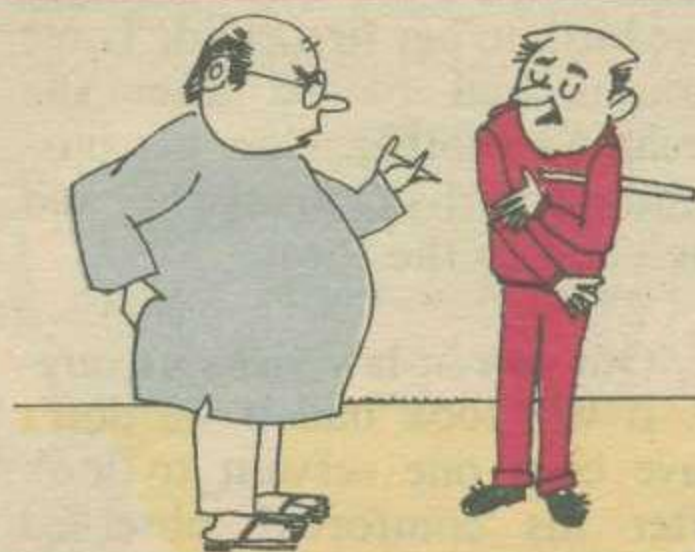
GOING OFF AT WRONG TIME

Mr. Rao gave an alarm clock to the newly appointed day-watchman of his factory who was to relieve the night-watchman at 6 a.m. in the morning.

But the watchman reported at 8 a.m.

"What happened? Didn't the alarm clock go off?" asked Mr. Rao.

"Sorry, sir, it went off all right, but when I was asleep!" replied the watchman.





THE GUEST WITH A GUEST

Jagannath Roy's forefathers were respectable landlords. But by the time Jagannath Roy came of age, the family estate had gone. He was no longer a landlord. In fact, he had sold away his ancestral mansion and was living in a modest house. But the people of the locality respected him for his ancestral glory. He also conducted himself with dignity.

His only daughter had been married to an officer in the town. The daughter had come to his house when it was time for her to give birth to her first child. Three months had passed after she became a mother. Now her husband was arriving to take her and the child to the town.

"Our son-in-law visits us rarely. It will look bad if we don't have even one servant to look after his comforts," observed

Roy's wife.

Roy went out into the village to look for a temporary servant. But it was a futile search. All the needy men of the village had got jobs in a boat factory that had lately come up near the village.

He was about to report his disappointment to his wife when the son-in-law arrived. Roy came out hurriedly to receive him and saw a young man unloading the son-in-law's suitcase from the cart and following him. Roy was sure that the man was the son-in-law's personal servant.

The servant was treated with kindness. He was served with the second best meal. He was always ready to attend on the son-in-law, but the son-in-law was so kind to him that he hardly let him work.

The servant was given a reasonably good bed to lie on at

night. In the morning he was given a sumptuous farewell breakfast with the son-in-law.

As Roy's daughter and son-in-law got into the cart, the servant bowed to Roy and his wife. "Give our son-in-law's servant a handsome tip. It is a matter of prestige," Roy was told by his wife in a whisper. He gave five rupees to the servant. That was a good amount of money in those days.

The servant put the suitcase in the son-in-law's cart and bowed to him. The son-in-law gave him five rupees. The cart began to move. The servant took to the road.

"Is he not accompanying us?" Roy's daughter asked her husband.

"Why should your father's servant accompany us?" asked the

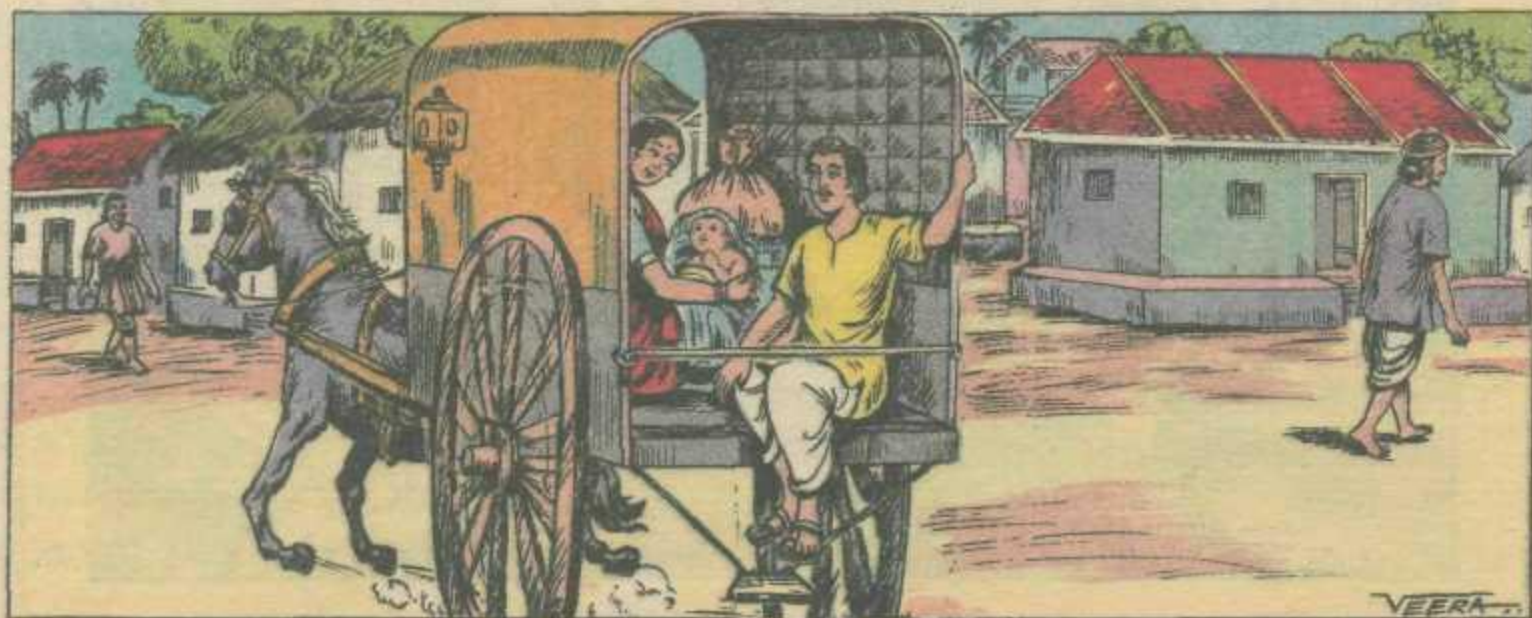
son-in-law in return.

"My father's servant? But did he not come with you?" asked the surprised lady.

"No! As soon as the cart stopped in front of your parents' house and I was looking for someone to take the suitcase out, he appeared and did the needful with a smile. I took him to be a servant of the household of your parents!" replied the amused husband.

His wife burst into laughter. "All the while we were under the impression that he had come with you! I saw my father giving him some money!" she observed.

"Must be a clever vagabond!" commented her husband. "He enjoyed attention of both the parties. I think, he deserved it for his presence of mind!"



A TEST FOR THE LUCKY LADY

Sumati Devi was very fond of saying, "I don't understand why people quarrel among themselves, why people get agitated!"

Those who heard her say so used to praise her, saying, "You are so innocent that you don't know what is anger!" Sumati Devi was happy to hear such comments.

One day an ascetic came to her house and asked her for some food. Said Sumati Devi, "Baba! Can you tell me why people get agitated or angry and why they quarrel?"

"Did I not ask you for some food? What business have you to dump such nonsense into my ears?" asked the ascetic.

"What! Did I utter nonsense?" demanded Sumati Devi, quite agitated.

"Why are you getting angry?" asked the ascetic.

"Did I become angry? asked Sumati Devi still more agitated.

"Did my precious question sound as only nonsense to you?"

The ascetic laughed. "Did you get an answer to your question? It is ego, my child, it is ego which is at the root of anger, agitation and quarrel. You are lucky that nobody had wounded your ego till today. The test came when your ego was wounded by me."





THE STRANGE DRINK

This happened long ago. In the neighbourhood of the kingdom of Sumedh was a small kingdom named Jayantpur. The king of Jayantpur was a vassal of Sumedh. But the king of Sumedh never exercised his authority on Jayantpur. According to a long-prevailing tradition, the minister of Jayantpur presented himself once every year in the court of Sumedh and submitted one gold coin as a token of his king's allegiance to the king of Sumedh. The latter offered him a silk shawl in return.

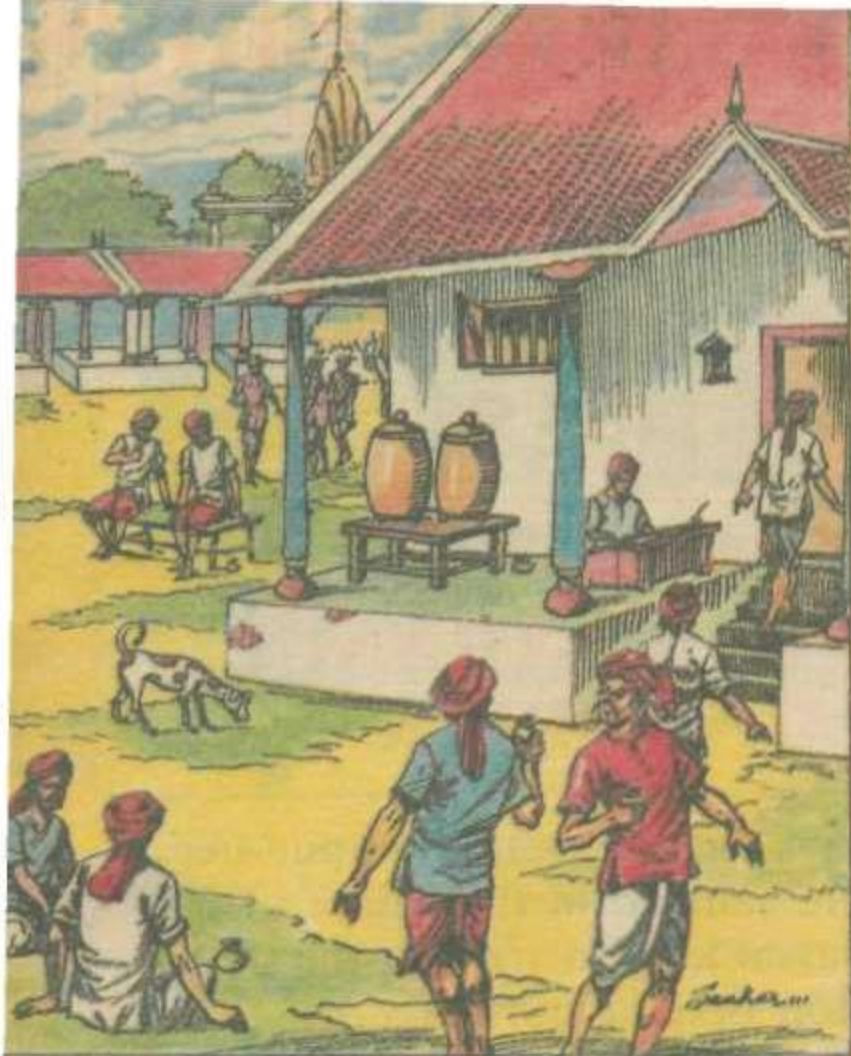
Beyond Jayantpur was Vikramgarh, a powerful and larger kingdom. One day the king of Vikramgarh invaded Jayantpur and defeated the army of Jayantpur and annexed it. The news reached Sumedh. The king of Sumedh, Rajsingh, proceeded to face the situation. He fought the

invaders and set Jayantpur free. He camped in the palace of his vassal king to see that the situation became normal.

While there, the king observed that in the capital as well as other areas of Jayantpur there were several shops selling some kind of drink. It was sold in earthen pots of different sizes. The people appeared to be very fond of the drink.

"What drink is this?" King Rajsingh asked the king of Jayantpur.

The king of Jayantpur replied with enthusiasm, "My lord, this is a strange drink indeed. One day I got a bottle of it as a gift from a foreign merchant. On drinking it, I was amused. I forgot everything and slept well. I requested the merchant to teach the art of preparing the drink to some



of my servants. He obliged. I thought that it is my duty to make my people familiar with the drink. Why should they be deprived of the pleasure which I derived from the drink. I began with my courtiers. They loved it. Then I began distributing it among the common men. They jumped for it. But how much can I send to please them? I decided to fix a price on it. Well, the people were glad to buy it. I increased its price with the intention of using the profit for the welfare of the people. We have revised the price three or four times, always upward. The people have no complaint. They are continuing to buy it!"

"I see! In that case a lot of welfare work must have been undertaken for your people!" observed King Rajsingh.

"Of course, we have done some good works. For example, we provide free food and clothes to orphans and abandoned children."

"That is fine. Those children must be very happy!" observed King Rajsingh.

"They ought to be happy. But the problem is, while they numbered only one thousand in the first year, their number has now reached ten thousand. How can we take care of so many children? We had planned to provide all our prisoners with blankets. There were only two thousand prisoners in our jails. But in three years their number has become twenty thousand. As a result we have been compelled to spend the money allotted for blankets in building new jails and appointing jailors and guards," said the king of Jayantpur.

King Rajsingh became grave. He said, "How is it that you never sent me a potful of such wonderful drink?"

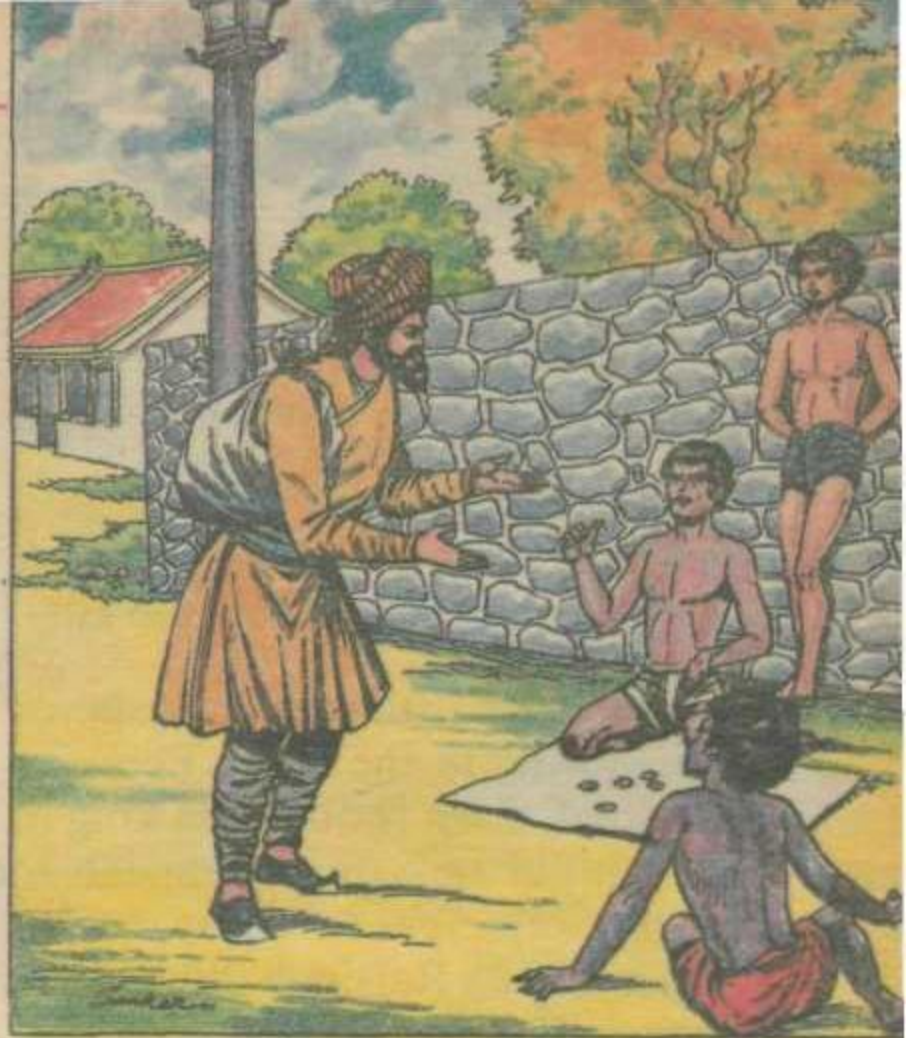
The king of Jayantpur looked ashamed. "It has been a mistake

on my part," he admitted. "I am making arrangements to send the drink in a big pot to your palace."

King Rajsingh returned to his palace with the drink. At night he, his minister and two of his courtiers sipped the drink. The royal physician and two or three other courtiers sat guarding them. This was done in the privacy of an inner chamber.

Soon the king began blabbering on several meaningless things. He proposed to tame Airavata, the elephant residing in the heavens. The minister forgot all decency and patted the king on the back and said, "Bravo, you chap!" The two courtiers who had consumed the drink rolled on the ground and kicked each other. After two or three hours all four of them lay in a stupor.

In the morning the king heard everything from his physician and the other witnesses. He and his minister donned disguise and rode to Jayantpur. Leaving their horses in a tavern, the two went in two different directions to gather first-hand experiences of the situation. The king saw hundreds of urchins sitting on the roads and begging alms. He found out that their fathers totally neglected them.



The reason was as he had expected. The menfolk made a beeline to the shops selling the strange drink as soon as it was evening. After gulping the drink, they behaved in a mad manner and often beat up their wives.

The minister found out the reason for the sudden rise in the number of prisoners. Many people who had no money to buy the drink stole from others. Some of them were caught and thrown into jail. The king and the minister were aghast to see that a large number of soldiers of Jayantpur too has become addicted to the strange drink.

King Rajsingh and the minister

returned to Sumedh. As they were worrying over the situation in Jayantpur, news reached them that Vikramsingh had attacked Jayantpur once again.

"What a botheration! We must lead our army once again to drive away the invaders!" said the king.

But the minister whispered something to the king. The king nodded. Even though the king of Jayantpur sent urgent appeals to King Rajsingh to come to his rescue, King Rajsingh did not act. Naturally, the king of Jayantpur was dethroned. His kingdom became a part of Vikramgarh.

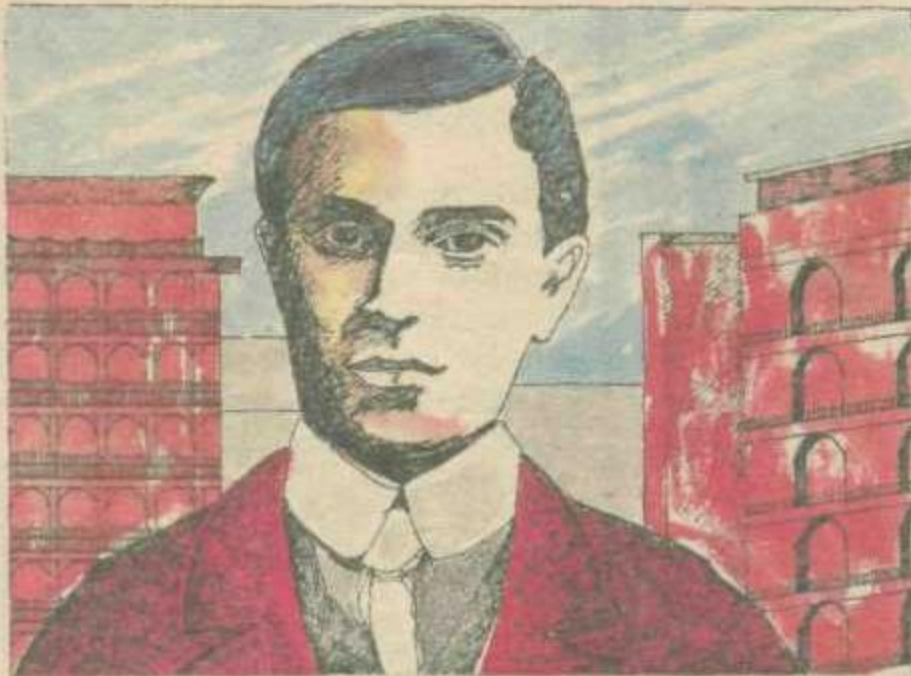
Three years passed. The spies of Sumedh who were wandering in Vikramgarh came back and reported to King Rajsingh, "The royal family, the ministers, the soldiers and the courtiers of

Vikramsingh, by coming in contact with the people of Jayantpur, had taken to the strange drink. The soldiers had forgotten their fighting skill; the king and the minister passed their time drinking and gambling.

King Rajsingh led a huge army against Vikramgarh. The soldiers of Vikramgarh could hardly offer any resistance. In a matter of two days Vikramgarh was conquered. It was made a province of Sumedh. Jayantpur was liberated, but King Rajsingh did not allow the old king to resume his foolish rule. It became a district of Sumedh.

After that the first thing King Rajsingh did was to ban the drink. He abolished all the centres selling it. Soon prosperity returned to the region.





SAGA OF NEHRU [3]

In search of pastures new, Jawaharlal moved from Harrow to Cambridge. It was the year 1907 and he was seventeen. He studied Natural Sciences though his interest outside the classes were history, politics and economics.

He eagerly awaited news from India. The Swadeshi ideals of two particular leaders stirred his imagination. They were Bal Gangadhar Tilak and Sri Aurobindo, who were revolutionaries and not a moderate leader like his father, Motilal Nehru.



The Indians in Cambridge had a society named the 'Majlis'. In their meetings they discussed politics, though not of any practical nature. Jawaharlal attended it, but he hardly ever spoke. He was very shy.



In the summer of 1909 he joined his father on a European tour. In Berlin he saw for the first time an aircraft. Count Zeppelin, by whose name the aircraft was known, arrived flying in it. The Kaiser (the King of Germany) welcomed the Count.

In 1910, after taking his degree at Cambridge, Jawaharlal went to Norway on a pleasure cruise. He and an English friend went to a stream for bath. The ice-cold freezing water numbed his limbs. The current was carrying him towards a dangerous precipice when his friend pulled him out. It was a narrow escape.



Thereafter Jawaharlal studied law in London. In 1912 he became a qualified barrister and returned to India. Motilal Nehru was very happy. He knew that his intelligent son would be his worthy successor in the legal profession.

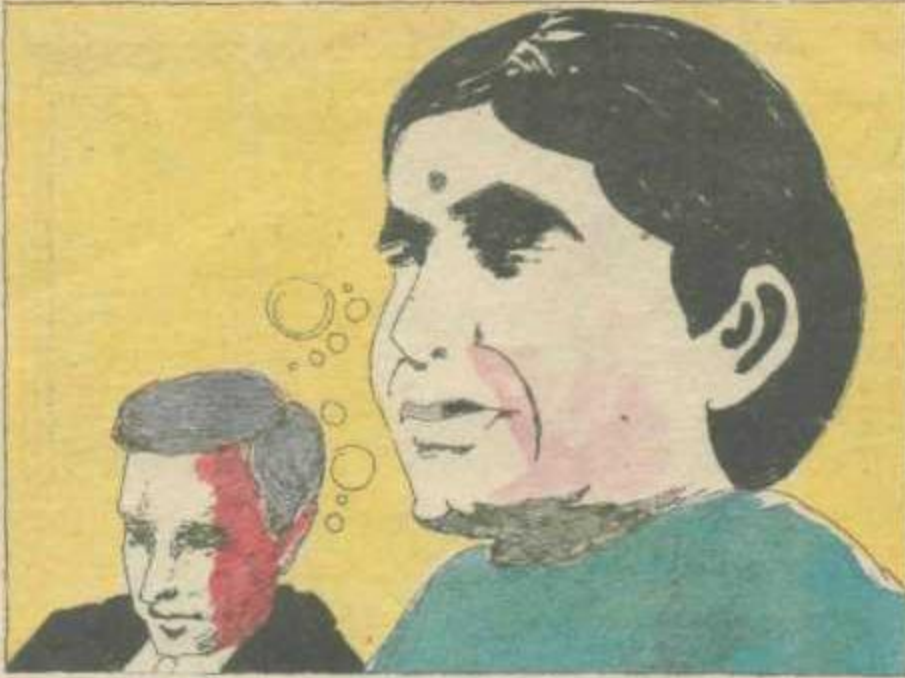
Jawaharlal began taking interest in politics right from his arrival in India. He attended the Congress Conference at Bankipore in the Christmas of 1912. The only leader who impressed him was Gopal Krishna Gokhale.



Jawaharlal practised law in the High Court, but was bored. Occasionally he would go for hunting, but had no inclination for killing animals. Once he wounded an antelope which fell at his feet, looking tearfully at him with its big eyes. That dampened his shikar spirit forever.

In the Christmas of 1916, Jawaharlal met Gandhiji for the first time, during the Lucknow Congress. Gandhiji had earned the appreciation of the youth because of his fight in South Africa against the injustice of the British towards Indians.





Another person to impress him deeply was Sarojini Naidu who delivered speeches in Allahabad on several occasions. Very soon the young Jawaharlal was turning into a resolute nationalist.

In the Vasanta Panchami day of 1916, Jawaharlal was married to Kamala, in Delhi, with traditional pomp and rituals. They went to spend some time in Kashmir, from where Jawaharlal's ancestors hailed.



Jawaharlal, with a cousin, wandered in the Ladakh region. One day, thinking that Amarnath was nearby, he and his friends climbed a hill. He slipped into a crevasse and would have been buried in the snow, but for the rope held by his friend and because he clutched the crevasse side.

— To continue



THE VALUE OF WORK

In the city of Shraddhapur lived a skilled goldsmith. He was much trusted by the king. Practically whenever the king or the queen wanted some jewellery to be made, they gave the work to him.

The goldsmith died suddenly. He had a son named Brajesh. But he had been a pampered child. His father had tried to teach him the art of making ornaments. Being quite intelligent, he had picked up the art all right, but he never gave much attention to it; he did not practise the art. He idled away his time.

His father's sudden death came to him as a bolt from the blue. He had of course no problem as such, for his father had left for him enough to carry on for a year or two. But what after that? He did not know.

One morning a messenger from the king's court called on him and

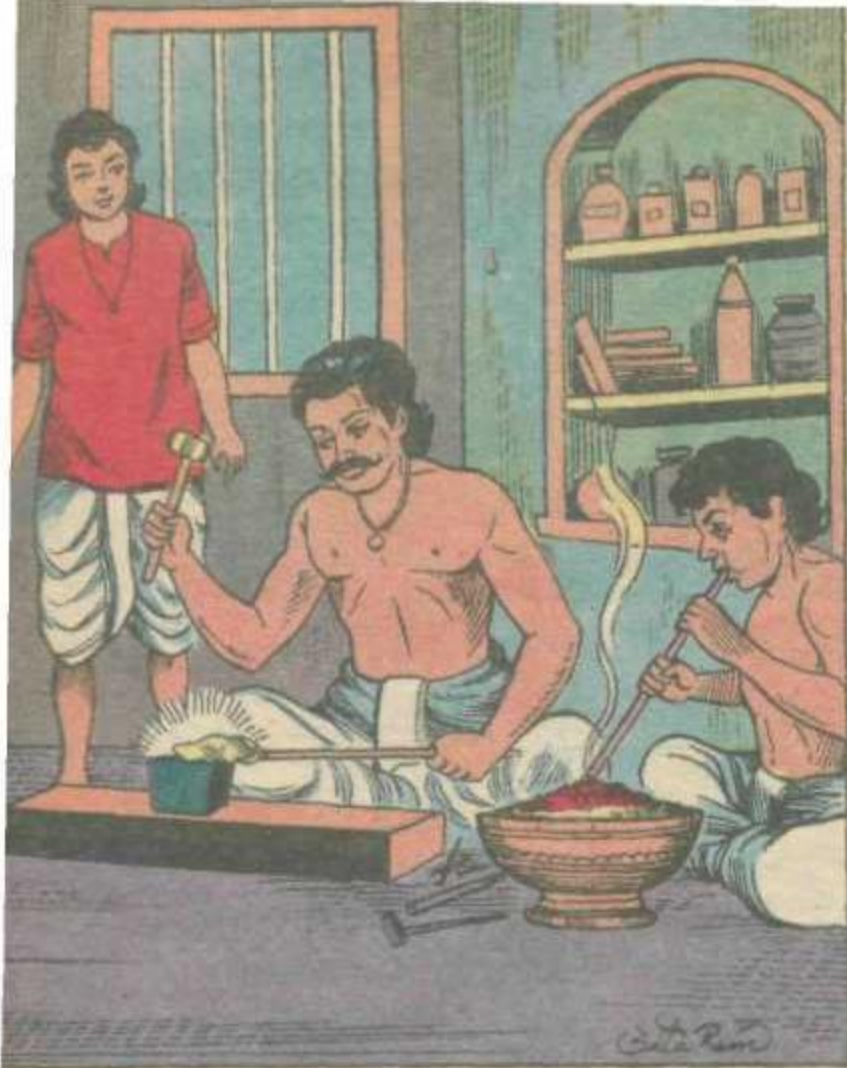
told him that the king would like to see him. Brajesh was not at all enthusiastic in meeting the king, but there was no question of anybody refusing the king's summons! He got ready to visit the royal court.

"My son, should the king offer any work, do not decline it," his mother advised him.

With uncertain steps Brajesh arrived at the king's court. The king expressed his sympathy for him on account of his father's death and said, "My boy, I understand that your father has taught you his art. Here is work for you. You must make a necklace for my minister's daughter who is getting married. I know how much gold it will require. Here it is."

The king handed over the gold to him. Brajesh had no other go than to accept it.

Back at home he was on the



verge of weeping. "How can I make the necklace? I have never made one!" he cried out before his mother.

"My son, give the work to some other skilled goldsmith. He will do the work for you. You can pay him for his labour. The king will pay you, after all!" said the mother.

Well, this was the only sensible course open before Brajesh. He handed over the work to a skilled goldsmith. But the fellow knew Brajesh's problem. He charged twenty rupees for his labour. Brajesh paid him and then went to the king's court with the necklace. The king saw it and was happy.

"Well done, boy, well done!" he

said. "For such work, I used to give your father an amount of ten rupees. But I will give you more than that — twelve rupees! Not only that, I am pleased to give you some more work!"

The king handed over some old ornaments to him and asked him to make a dozen rings of different sizes with the gold they contained. "I need them in five days!" he said.

Brajesh's face paled. He returned home, crestfallen. His mother understood the situation and said, "My boy, the king is pleased with you. The king's pleasure is much more valuable than the loss we suffer on account of getting the work done by somebody else. Go to some other goldsmiths and let them make the rings."

Brajesh had to distribute the work among three goldsmiths to get them ready on time. The quantity of gold the old ornaments yielded was not enough for the dozen rings. Brajesh was obliged to give to the goldsmiths two rings of his mother for completing the work. He had to pay twentyfour rupees as their labour charge.

The king was happy looking at the rings. "Good," he said, handing over an amount of twelve

rupees to Brajesh. "Young man, you will never suffer for lack of our patronage. Here is yet another work for you. I want you to make a coronet for my daughter. The gold is ready," said the king with a broad smile.

Brajesh felt the ground tilting under his feet. He somehow kept himself steady and accepted the gold and left the court.

"Mother, I'm afraid, we have to leave for some other land," he told his mother in a grim voice. The mother heard him with patience. Then she took him into her arms and said, "My son, leaving this land is not the solution to our problem."

"What then is the solution.

Any goldsmith, in order to make a coronet, will charge a hundred rupees. The king, I'm sure, will not pay me more than fifty rupees. As soon as I complete the work, he will give me another work, requiring us to spend even more from our dwindling stock of money. How long can we suffer the king's kindness?" Brajesh asked with anguish.

"The king's kindness, which now appears to be a curse, can become real kindness only if you work yourself. The time you spend by running from one goldsmith to another, the anxiety and the loss you suffer, will all come to an end if you begin making the ornaments," said the



mother.

"But I have never made one!" cried out Brajesh.

"My son, the king has not set any time-limit for your finishing the job. Try and try again. There are the notebooks of your father. Designs of hundreds of coronets and crowns are to be found in them. Choose one of them and follow it."

"Mother do you think I will succeed!"

The mother embraced the boy and said, "My son, I am absolutely confident that you will succeed in doing far more difficult things only if you concentrate."

Brajesh unfolded his father's notebooks and sat with them till late in the night. In the morning he began his work. He worked on for a full month, making and remaking the coronet. At last he smiled, satisfied that he had achieved what he wanted to.

He carried the coronet to the king. The king marvelled at it.

"How much should I pay for it?" he asked.

"My lord, I don't know how much you should pay for it. But I can assure you that I will be satisfied with whatever amount you pay, for my real satisfaction was in making a thing beautiful!" replied Brajesh.

The king smiled and handed over a thousand gold coins to him. Astonished, Brajesh stammered out, "But, my lord, the rate at which you used to pay...."

"I know," said the king interrupting him, "The rate at which I paid you was very low. That is because they were not your work. I had no love for them. I loved your father's work. And I wanted that you too should work like him. Now you have done that. I love your work; so I pay you accordingly."

Tears came to Brajesh's eyes. "My lord, I will ever remain grateful to you for making me work," he said bowing to him.





THE ENEMY

Uttam Shastri of Samirpur was a great physician. Not only did the people of Samirpur approach him seeking remedy for their ailments, but also a large number of patients from the neighbouring kingdom, Kumbhadesh, visited him.

Samirpur and Kumbhadesh were not friendly to each other. There had been several wars between the two countries.

"No citizen of our kingdom should enter into any kind of relationship with the people of Kumbhadesh. No citizen of ours should help in any way any citizen of Kumbhadesh," declared the king of Samirpur. All communications between the two

kingdoms came to a halt.

One day the king of Samirpur went into the forest for hunting. He saw Uttam Shastri and two of his disciples gathering some herbs.

"Shastri, must you take such pains? Can't your disciples gather herbs for you?" asked the king.

"My lord. Generally I depend on them. But today I needed some rare herbs for curing a patient from Kumbhadesh. My disciples would not know that herb," replied the physician.

"What!" shouted the king. "How dare you treat patients from our enemy kingdom, in violation of our order? By helping our enemy, you have become



our enemy. You are arrested."

"The royal bodyguards who were following the king's chariot arrested the physician.

The king's chariot drove ahead. Suddenly one of its wheels got loose and rolled away. As a result the chariot upturned. The charioteer jumped off his seat and saved himself. But the king fell along with the chariot and bled. The physician rushed to him. "My lord," he said, "the wound is not serious, but it requires dressing. Will you kindly come over to my hut which is nearby?"

The king went to the physician's hut. The physician washed his wound and applied some herbal juice to it. His pain

vanished.

"My lord, you had declared me to be your enemy. In other words, I should look upon you as my enemy. If we are not to treat our enemies, I should not treat you. But will that be correct?" the physician asked politely.

The king looked embarrassed. The physician said, "My lord, a physician treats an ailment on a disease. He ought not to care for the patient's birthplace, his faith or his ideology."

"You are right, my friend," said the king, offering his diamond-studded necklace to the physician.

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THE RULE AND ITS APPLICATION

A learned professor lectured in a seminar, "Law must be applied to everybody equally. That is democracy."

"No, sir, law should be applied to everybody equally in spirit, but the punishment to be awarded should differ from person to person," said the listener.

"How do you say so?" demanded several voices.

The listener replied: "The people of a certain city used to dress in different ways, some of which were offensive to visitors from other cities. The king made a rule that every citizen, while walking on the streets, should have clothes on both the lower and the upper parts of the body."

One day the king's sepoy's arrested three travellers and produced them before the king. All the three were walking with hardly any clothes on them. But the king sent one of them to jail for a day; the second person was warned to dress properly whereas the third person was given a shawl and food. Was the king's action unjust?"

"It was unjust," said several people in a chorus.

The listener smiled. He then said, "The first person was a normal citizen; the second person was a villager who had come to the town for the first time and who did not know anything about the rule. The third person was a hermit who did not belong to the society. Tell me once again, was the king wrong?"

All sat silent. The professor stood up and said, "No, the king was right."



EATING THE HONEY!

Miss Mouri Bhowmik of Dombivli wonders if a gentleman she knows was right when he referred to someone 'eating' honey, honey being liquid.

The gentleman was right. Such is the way of the usage that honey is eaten, as George Meredith (1828-1909) wrote in his poem, *Modern Love*.

We'll seat contentedly
And eat our pot of honey on the grave.

Many may raise their eyebrows when informed that even soup is eaten!

D.K. Bose of Howrah wishes to be sure of the meaning of a *square meal*. Further he wants to know what is meant by *back to square one*.

Well, a square meal is, as the student has rightly guessed, a full, satisfying meal. *Back to square one* means, to find oneself coming back to the same position from which one had started. Naturally, it indicates that the problem which one tried to solve is found to have remained unsolved after all the efforts made to solve it.

Incidentally, there are several other phrases, with the word square. If someone asks "*How squares go!*" he means how things are going. *On the square* means honestly. To *square up* means to settle an account or to pay a bill. To *square up to* means to face up to or to tackle a difficult problem or situation.





What was the old name of Goa? What is its antiquity?

— *Vimla Joshi, Panaji*

The Mahabharata refers to Goa as Gomant. Hence it was well-known in that remote era.

Which one is the oldest among the major cities of India?

— *Surendra Purkayasth, Calcutta.*

If you mean the four major cities — Delhi, Madras, Bombay and Calcutta, Delhi of course is the oldest. What is known as New Delhi now is a continuation of the very ancient city of Indraprastha. However, the area of the city has varied from time to time. Tradition says that there have been six cities preceding the current one — the seventh. But the continuity had never been broken for any considerable length of time.

Where is the country called Andorra?

— *Jayashankar, Hyderabad*

Andorra is situated between France and Spain, amidst the valleys known as the Eastern Pyrenees. Its capital is Andorre-la-Vieille. It has a population of a little over forty thousand, in an area of 464 sq. km.

Which are the world's and India's largest deserts?

— *Rashmi Biswal, Bhubaneswar.*

Sahara with 3,500,000 sq. miles and Thar with 100,000 sq. miles, respectively.

*Because for a child
love alone is not enough...*



Unit Trust's Children's Gift Growth Fund

Today, all that your little baby needs is lots and lots of love. But can love alone see him through life?

There are things your child will need when he grows up. There are things you want to give him. Like a good education. Like helping him to set up a business. And it all needs careful planning.

To help you with your plans, Unit Trust has a unique savings scheme — the Children's Gift Growth Fund. Under this Scheme, you can make an irrevocable gift to your child.

Your investment grows with your child. If, for example, you invest Rs.1000 for your new-born baby, the amount grows to over Rs.12,000 in 21 years' time.

Or, alternatively, you can even invest a sum of money every year.

For instance, Rs.1,100 invested at every birthday till a child is 15 years old, will make him a 'lakhpati' at 21 years.

So when your child is ready to step out into the world, there'll be quite a sum waiting for him.

A gift from you. To help your child make the most of tomorrow and all that life has to offer. That's a gift of love, isn't it?



UNIT TRUST OF INDIA
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Serials-UTI/637/89



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Subhash Satish



S. Kumar Sharma

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for November '88 goes to:-

Mrs. M. Paranjoti,
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A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity freshen into smiles.

— *Washington Irving*

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

— *Shakespeare*

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— *Cecil*

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Children, the future citizens and leaders of India, are our hope for a better tomorrow. Let us be alive to their needs, and their right to the future. Let's learn from them today.



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